

# THE AMERICAN SECOND READER FOR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS



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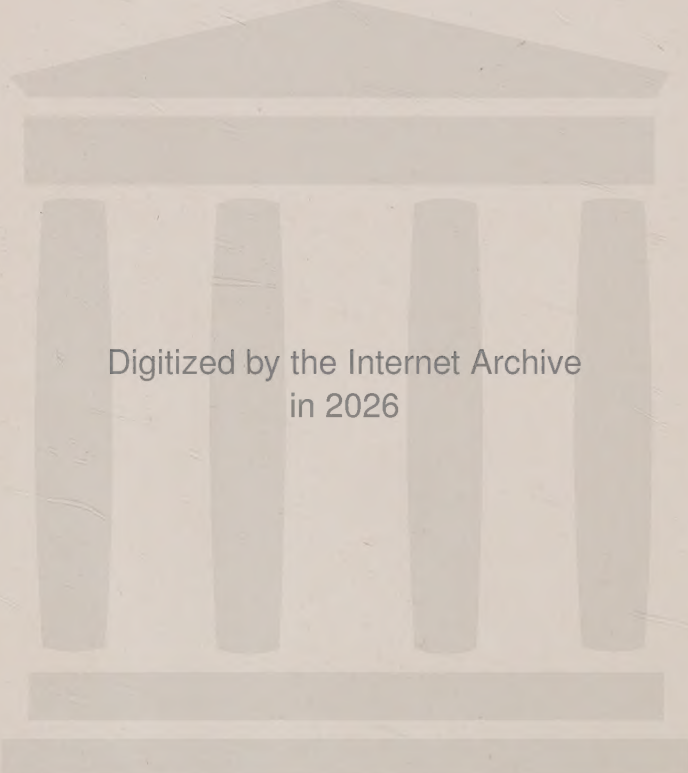
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# THE AMERICAN SECOND READER FOR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

BY

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## PREFACE

IN recent years numerous investigations have been made regarding the teaching of primary reading. As a result of these investigations, we have come to the conclusion that oral reading receives more than its share of attention while silent reading is not stressed as much as it should be. In this matter a change is needed. We must take means to adjust our aims, our methods, and our courses of study. Due attention must be paid to silent reading as well as to oral reading. Silent reading helps the children to get the thought of what they read. It teaches them to think and to master the art of study.

The silent reading exercises in the *American Second Reader for Catholic Schools* are chiefly suggestive. They remind the teacher that silent reading must receive due attention in the educative process, and they show her how she can utilize silent reading in the work of the class.

The stories and the poems in this reader cannot fail to create in the pupils a desire and a love for reading. In addition to a goodly number of the regular second grade classics, this book contains many new and meaningful selections. Each of these has been tried out in the classroom and has been of deep interest to the children.

Many of the lessons lend themselves admirably to dramatization. Any ordinary pupil can act them with interest and instruction. Dramatization provides an excellent motive for training the child in the habit of reading for thought. To be able to play the story, he must know all

the essential facts of the story. These facts are in turn impressed through dramatization.

Several of the lessons contain problems to be solved. The idea is to place before the pupils things that will make them think ; that will help to form aright their characters ; that will cultivate in their hearts the love of God and of country ; that will call to their attention the true, the beautiful, and the good ; and that will tend to develop harmoniously all their powers.

The lessons, moreover, bring out the salient virtues and characteristics found in the ideal citizen. Every story and poem tends to elevate and ennoble the reader. The religious impressions are such as appeal to boys and girls in their sixth and seventh years. They tend to show that religion does not consist principally in the memorization of facts or sets of rules, but in the actual living of the laws of God.

The authors desire to thank all those who have helped by their counsels and suggestions to make the *American Second Reader for Catholic Schools* what it is today, and gratefully acknowledge their indebtedness to Right Rev. Bernard McKenna of the Catholic University for the use of our National Madonna, Our Lady of Washington, for the cover of their readers.

Both authors and publishers owe grateful acknowledgment to those who have permitted the use of copyrighted material, and especially to the Macmillan Company for "Spring," "Autumn," and "Winter" by Mary Dixon Thayer ; to Alice May Douglas for her poem, "Who Loves the Trees Best?" ; to Geo. H. Doran Co. for "Trees" by Joyce Kilmer ; to the Houghton Mifflin Co. for "A Music Box" by Abbie Farwell Brown, "The Shadows" by Frank Dempster Sherman, and "Tiny Little Snowflakes" and "Calling the Violet" by Lucy Larcom ; and to The Century Co. for "The New Year" by Mary Mapes Dodge.

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*Lovingly Dedicated*  
*to the*  
*Little Children*  
*of To-day —*  
*the Men and Women*  
*of To-morrow*



*Ittenbach*

SUPPLICATION



# SECOND READER



## A LITTLE BOY'S PRAYER

“Joseph dear, it is time that you were in bed,” said Mrs. Little.

“Very well, mother; I will go at once.”

Joseph said “Good Night” to his father and his mother, and went to his room.

Some time later, Mrs. Little went upstairs to see if her son was in bed.

She found him saying his prayers.

Dressed in his pretty white pajamas, he was kneeling near his bed.

What prayer do you think he was saying?

Would you like to know?

This is what he said:

“Good night, dear Lord, good night.

“Mother told me that it was time for me to be in bed.

“I feel tired and sleepy.

“I have played all day with my toys and my games.

“I know that I had a good time.

“I thank You, dear Lord, for Your kindness to me.

“Good night again, dear Lord.

“Please do not forget to send an angel to care for me while I sleep.

“You know, dear Lord, that I do not like the dark.

“I want an angel near me.

“When the angel is in the room, I will not be afraid of the dark.

“Tell the angel to stay with me all the night.

“I am only a little boy.

“I need his care.

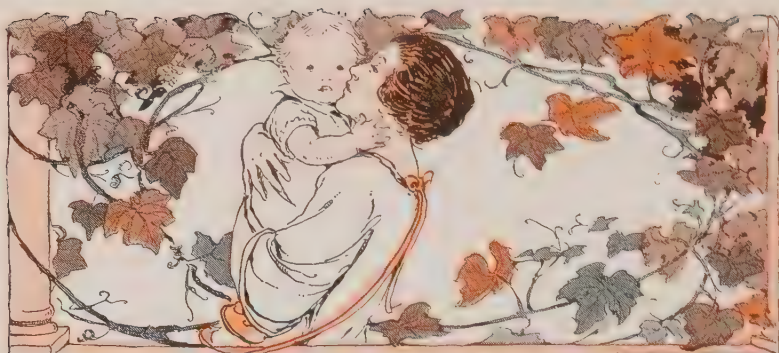
“The angel will protect me.

“He will keep me from danger.

“He will help me to be good.

“He will stay awake while I sleep.

“Good night, dear Lord, good night.”



## MOTHER'S KISSES

A kiss when I wake in the morning,  
A kiss when I go to bed,  
A kiss when I burn my finger,  
A kiss when I bump my head.

A kiss when I play with my rattle,  
A kiss when I pull her hair;  
She covered me over with kisses  
The day I fell from the chair.

A kiss when I give her trouble,  
A kiss when I give her joy;  
There is nothing like mother's kisses  
For her own little baby boy.

— The Review





## BABYLAND

“ How many miles from Babyland ?”

Any one can tell;

Up one flight,

To the right;

Please to ring the bell.

“ What can you see in Babyland?”

Little folks in white,

Downy heads,

Cradle beds,

Faces pure and white.

“ What do they do in Babyland? ”

Dream and wake and play,

Laugh and crow,

Shout and grow,

Jolly times have they.

“ What do they say in Babyland? ”

Why the oddest things ;

Might as well

Try to tell

What a birdie sings.

“ Who is Queen of Babyland? ”

Mother, kind and sweet,

And her love,

Born above,

Guides the little feet.

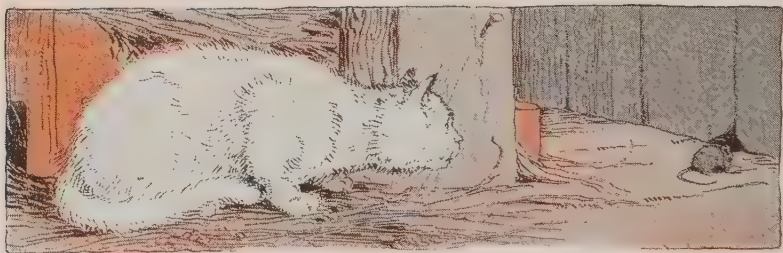
— The Sunbeam



## WHO IS SHE?

I know the dearest little girl,  
About as big as you.  
Her eyes are black or brown or gray,  
Or maybe they are blue;  
But anyway, her hands are clean;  
Her teeth are white as snow;  
Her little dress is always neat;  
She goes to school, you know.  
This little girl, — I love her well,  
And see her often too, —  
If I to-day her name should tell —  
She — might-be — you.

— Little Folks



## THE CAT AND THE MOUSE

Once upon a time Big White Cat lived in a barn.

Little Mouse lived in a hole under the barn.

When the mouse was hungry, she had to come out of the hole to get something to eat.

Every time Little Mouse came out, Big White Cat tried to catch her.

“ I do not like the cat,” said Little Mouse, “ because he will not let me get my dinner.”



One day Little Mouse said to Big White Cat :

“ Oh, Big White Cat, why do you always try to catch me? I never did you any harm. I will not hurt you. Let us be friends.”

Big White Cat said to Little Mouse :

“ Cats must have food to eat, Little Mouse. You try to get corn for your dinner. I try to get you for my dinner. Is not that fair? ”

Little Mouse did not know what to say. So she thought and thought and thought. Then she said to Big White Cat :

“ Oh, Big White Cat, what you say is quite true. You need food for your dinner as well as I do.

But why not get some milk instead of eating me? ”

“ I cannot get any milk,” said Big White Cat. “ But if you will get some milk for my dinner, I will be your friend.”

Little Mouse ran as fast as she could to the cow and said :

“ Please, Cow, give me some milk to take to Big White Cat. If I get some milk for him, he will be my friend.”

“ Little Mouse,” said the Cow, “ I too must have food for my dinner. Go to the farmer and get some hay for me. Then I will give you some milk.”

Little Mouse ran to the farmer as

fast as she could go, and said to him :

“ Oh, Farmer dear, please give me some hay to take to the cow. Then she will give me some milk. I will give the milk to Big White Cat, and he will not try to catch me.”

“ Here is the hay, Little Mouse,” said the farmer.

“ Oh, thank you, Farmer, thank you,” said Little Mouse.

Little Mouse ran with the hay to the cow and said :

“ Here, Cow, is some hay for your dinner. Now give me some milk for Big White Cat.”

“ Here is the milk, Little Mouse,” said the cow.

“ Oh, thank you, thank you,” said Little Mouse.

Again Little Mouse ran as fast as she could to the cat, and said:

“ Here is the milk, Big White Cat. Now will you be my friend? ”

“ Thank you, Little Mouse,” said the cat. “ This is good milk. Now we will be friends. I will never try to catch you again.”

As long as they lived Big White Cat and Little Mouse were friends.

— Folk Tale

## THE EVENING STAR

O beautiful star,  
That shines from afar,  
My whole heart doth love you  
So lovely you are.

— Fallersleben





## DO YOU KNOW?

“Where do all the daisies go?”

“I know, I know!

Underneath the snow they creep,  
Nod their little heads and sleep;  
In the springtime out they peep, —  
That is where they go.”

“Where do all the birdies go?”

“I know, I know!

Far away from winter snow,  
To the fair warm south they go;  
There they stay till daisies blow, —  
That is where they go.”

— J. F. Bellows

## SPRING

What do You think, dear God?  
Down in the woods I found  
A flower dressed in blue  
Coming out of the ground!

What do You think, dear God?  
To-day I saw a tree  
All full of baby leaves  
Shaking their heads at me!

What do You think, dear God?  
I picked a buttercup!  
And underneath my feet  
A little star looked up!

O! Thank You, God, for all  
This lovely time of year!  
Thank You for everything  
That You have done down here!

—Mary Dixon Thayer

## AUTUMN

The leaves are dressed in red and gold,  
And they come floating far. . . .  
They look like Fairies — and I think  
Perhaps some of them are!

Dear God, I know a little path  
All covered soft and deep  
With Fairies — dressed in red and gold —  
All fallen fast asleep!

I know a place where Angels come,  
With folded wings, to pray . . .  
At least, I think they do — I think  
I saw one there to-day!

At any rate, dear God, it is  
The sort of place, You know,  
That Angels would be in if they  
Could choose where they would go.

I like to run down there and say  
My prayers, dear God! I kneel  
Upon the ground, and look around,  
And then I seem to feel

The Angels moving softly on  
The grass, and Trees lean down,  
And whisper, " Say a prayer for us! "  
Sometimes they put their brown

Arms gently round me, whispering  
" O pray for us — O pray! "  
And so I do, dear God, You know  
The Prayer for Trees I say —

The one that asks You please to give  
Them lots of birds to sing  
Among their branches, and a lot  
Of new leaves in the Spring . . .

And snow to keep them warm when their  
Bare legs begin to freeze  
And all the rain they want, dear God!  
That is my Prayer for Trees.

— Mary Dixon Thayer

## WINTER

The world is covered up with snow

To-day, dear God! I want to go

And play in it before the sun

Comes out and melts it. O! What fun

It is to be a child to-day!

“Thank You!” is all that I can say!

“Thank You, dear God, for trees that stand

And shine like trees in Fairyland!

Thank You for the blue of the sky!

Thank You for a cloud going by!”

Dear God, this is my Winter Prayer —

“Thank You for snow-flakes, everywhere!”

— Mary Dixon Thayer



## WHO LOVES THE TREES BEST?

“ Who loves the trees best? ”

“ I,” said the spring;

“ Their leaves so beautiful  
To them I bring.”

“ Who loves the trees best? ”

“ I,” summer said;

“ I give them blossoms,  
White, yellow, red.”

“ Who loves the trees best? ”

“ I,” said the fall;

“ I give luscious fruits,  
Bright tints to all.”

“ Who loves the trees best? ”

“ I love them best,”

Harsh winter answered;  
“ I give them rest.”

— Alice May Douglas



*Franz Muller*

## THE ANNUNCIATION

Last autumn, four of my friends  
were sitting with me by the fireside.

We were talking about vacation.

When we had finished, Mary

asked: "Who is the most beautiful woman that ever lived?"

After a great many answers were given, Margaret said:

"I think the Blessed Virgin Mary is the most beautiful woman that ever lived."

"I think you are right," said Rose.

Just then Mrs. Shine came into the room.

"Mother," said Helen, "please tell us about the Blessed Virgin Mary."

Mrs. Shine told this story:

"One day when the Blessed Virgin Mary was alone in her room, an angel stood beside her.

“ When the Blessed Virgin Mary saw the angel, she was afraid.

“ ‘ Do not be afraid,’ said he, ‘ God has sent me to you with a message.’

“ ‘ A message from God for me! What can it be? ’

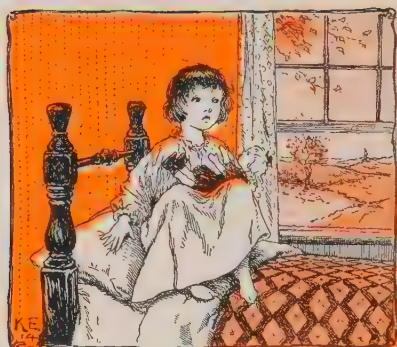
“ ‘ He told me to tell you that He is going to send you a little Son, and you must call Him “ Jesus.” ’

“ ‘ Since God wants it, I am willing,’ said the Blessed Virgin.

“ The angel’s visit made the Blessed Virgin very happy.

“ God wanted her to be the mother of the Infant Jesus.

“ God loved her because she was so good.”



## BED IN SUMMER

In winter I get up at night  
And dress by yellow candle-light,  
In summer, quite the other way,  
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see  
The birds still hopping on the tree,  
Or hear the grown-up people's feet  
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,  
When all the sky is clear and blue,  
And I should like so much to play,  
To have to go to bed by day?

— Robert L. Stevenson





## WHO MADE THE BIRD?

“I want to tell you a story, children,” said the teacher one morning.

Every child in the room sat up.

“That is right,” said the teacher.

“Now that all the children are ready, I will begin the story.

“As I was coming to school this morning, I saw a very pretty house.

“ On the front of the house near a window, I saw a cage.

“ In the cage was a dear little bird.

“ The little bird seemed so happy.

“ He was singing a wonderful song.

“ I did not understand what the bird said, but it was beautiful.

“ I never heard a song so sweet.

“ Then I began to think why the little bird was so happy.

“ Was it because he had a new cage?

“ Was it because he was in the sun?

“ Was it because he had had a good breakfast?

“ It is hard to say why the little bird was happy.

“ He did not tell me, so I cannot tell you.

“ Who makes these happy little creatures?

“ I’m sure you know that God makes them for us.

“ Men make many things. They make houses, automobiles, airships, and other wonderful things, but only God can make things that have life.

“ He gave life to you, and He gave life to me.

“ He gave life to all living things in the world.

“ God lives in heaven.

“ We cannot see Him, but He can see us. He can see in the dark.

“ He sees us all the time.

“ He is everywhere.  
“ He knows all things.  
“ He cares for us all the time.  
“ God is a kind and loving Father.”

## TREES

I think that I shall never see  
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest  
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,  
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear  
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;  
Who intimately lives with rain.

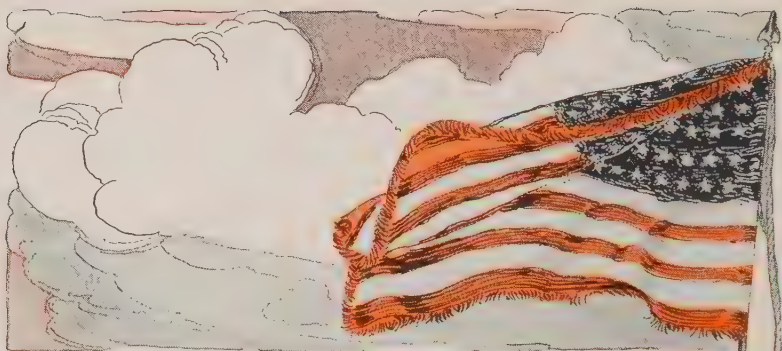
Poems are made by fools like me,  
But only God can make a tree.

— Joyce Kilmer

## THINGS YOU SHOULD KNOW

1. What is your name?
2. Where do you live?
3. How old are you?
4. Have you a telephone?
5. What is your telephone number?
6. What is your father's name?
7. What does your father do?
8. What is your mother's name?
9. How many brothers have you?
10. How many sisters have you?
11. To what church do you go?
12. What is the pastor's name?
13. To what school do you go?
14. On what street is the school?
15. What is your teacher's name?





## THE AMERICAN FLAG

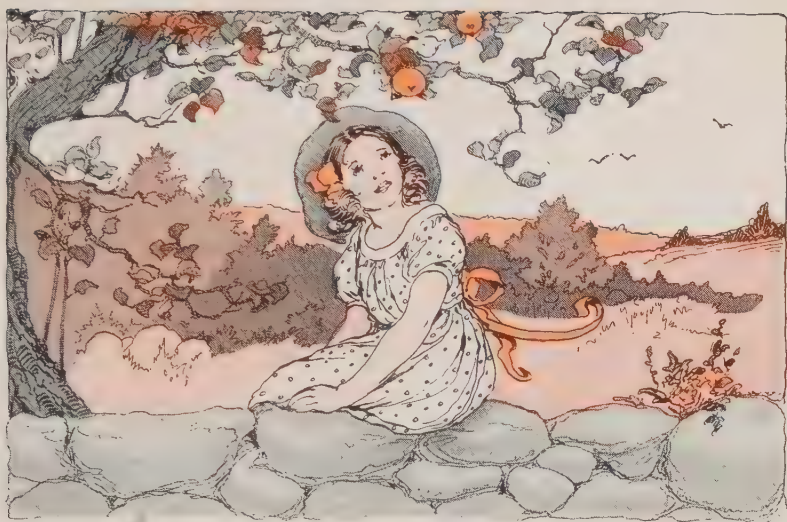
Your flag and my flag!

And, oh, how much it holds —  
Your land and my land —  
Secure within its folds!

Your heart and my heart  
Beat quicker at the sight;  
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed —  
Red and blue and white.

The one flag —  
The great flag —  
The flag for me and you —  
Glorified all else beside —  
The red and white and blue!

— Wilbur D. Nesbit



## THE APPLE WITH THE ROSY CHEEKS

Many years ago, a little girl went for a walk in the country.

She wanted to see the leaves turning brown.

After a long walk, the little girl sat on a stone fence to take a rest.

While sitting there, she saw on a tree an apple with rosy cheeks.

“I should like to have that apple,” said the girl. “It looks good to me.”

But the apple did not stir.

It did not seem to mind whether or not the girl was looking at it with longing eyes.

“I know what I shall do,” said the little girl. “I shall speak to the apple with the rosy cheeks.”

The girl looked at the apple and said: “O Apple, come down to me! Please come down. I need you very much.”

“No, no, no! I cannot come down,” said the rosy apple.

Just then the bright sun came from behind a cloud.

“ O wonderful Sun,” said the girl,  
“ please tell the apple with the rosy  
cheeks to come down to me.”

“ I will do so at once, dear child,”  
said the sun.

The sun talked to the apple, but  
the apple did not come down.

“ Maybe that little bird on the  
tree will help you,” said the sun.

“ Pretty Bird, pretty Bird,” said  
the child, “ please tell the apple  
to come down to me.”

The little bird flew to the apple,  
and asked it to come down.

The apple said: “ No, no; I will  
not go down to the little girl.”

Just as the little girl was about to  
give up hope, along came the wind.

The wind said : “ I will help you, little girl. I will get the apple for you.”

What do you think was the first thing the wind did?

The wind went to the apple, kissed first one cheek, and then the other.

The cheeks of the apple grew a deeper red, but it did not jump down from the tree.

The wind came the second time. The apple jumped down from the tree, and fell into the girl's hands.

“ Thank you, thank you,” said the child to the wind. “ I shall never forget what you have done for me.”

“ You are very welcome, little

girl," said the wind. "I like to do things for a good child like you."

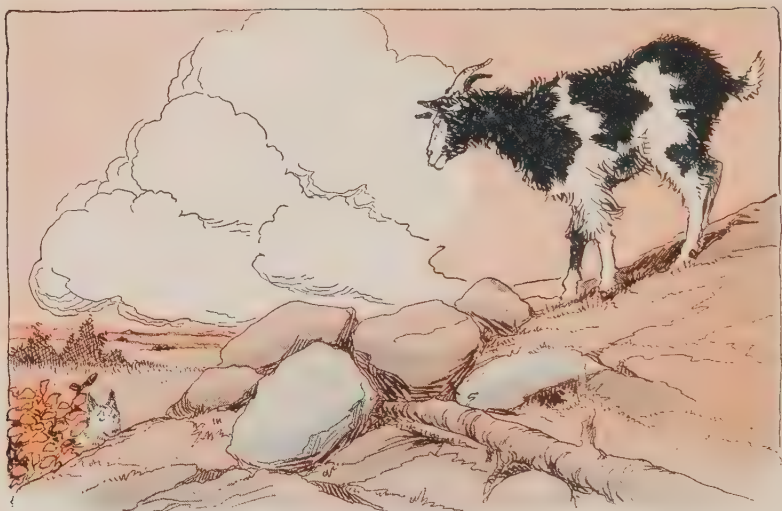
— Adapted

## CROSS-WORD GAME

How many new words can you form by putting together any two of the following words ?

|       |        |       |       |
|-------|--------|-------|-------|
| up    | spring | men   | man   |
| for   | stairs | to    | set   |
| place | get    | got   | fire  |
| not   | night  | side  | day   |
| time  | morrow | cause | room  |
| work  | be     | top   | class |
| what  | when   | tree  | down  |
| after | ever   | who   | which |
| sun   | may    | can   | noon  |





## THE WISE GOAT

Once upon a time, a black and white goat went to the top of a high hill to get something to eat.

She found the grass very dry.

The goat looked for better grass.

She saw a field where the grass was fresh and sweet.

“That looks good,” said the goat.

Just then the goat saw a hungry wolf looking up at her.

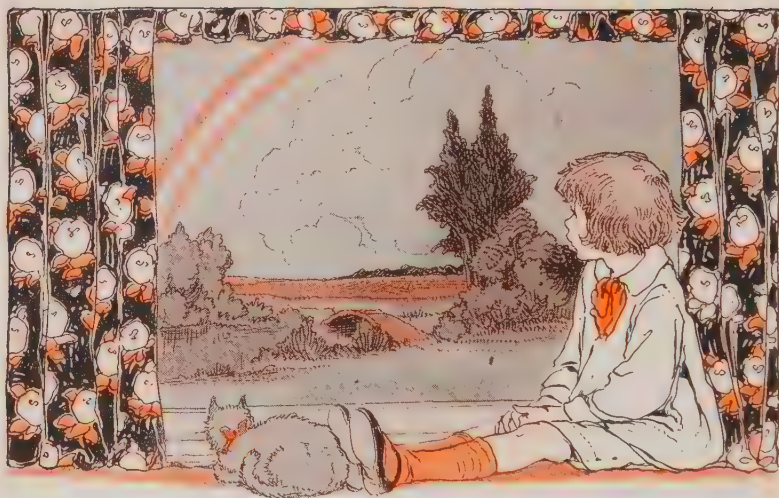
“I cannot go down there,” said the goat. “The wolf would eat me.”

“Come down, little Goat, come down here where the grass is fresh and sweet,” said the wolf as sweetly as he could.

“Come down here, little Goat, and eat some of this fresh grass. It is just what you would like.”

“No, no,” said the wise goat, “I would rather have a poor dinner up here than be a good dinner for you down in that field where the grass is green and sweet.”

— Æsop



## THE RAINBOW

Boats sail on the rivers,  
And ships sail on the seas ;  
But the clouds that sail across the sky  
Are prettier far than these.

There are bridges on the rivers,  
As pretty as you please ;  
But the bow that bridges heaven,  
And overtops the trees,  
And builds a road from earth to sky,  
Is prettier far than these.

— Christina Rossetti

## CAN YOU TELL?

1. What gives us light by day?
2. What gives us light by night?
3. When does the moon shine?
4. When does the sun shine?
5. When are the stars in the sky?
6. What is white and cold?
7. What melts the snow?
8. What freezes the water?
9. What dries mother's washing?
10. What makes the sail boat go?
11. What makes the kite fly?
12. What keeps us cool in summer?
13. What helps the flowers grow?
14. What hides the sun from view?
15. Where does the rain come from?
16. Where does the rain go?



## PREPARING FOR FIRST HOLY COMMUNION

In a class of children preparing for First Holy Communion, there was one little boy called Joseph, who found it very hard to be good.

His mother had been ill for years, and could not always look after him.

One day at the instruction, Sister told how God loves good children.

“It is not always easy to be good,” Sister said, “but God loves those little boys and girls best who have to try hardest to be good.”

Little Joseph thought to himself, “It is very hard for me to be good. Perhaps if I try God will love me.”

From that day on Joseph said his prayers morning and evening.

He tried very hard to obey.

Sometimes Joseph was naughty, but most of the time he tried to be good. When he was naughty, he told his mother how sorry he was.

Joseph thought that mother loved him more now than ever before.



It made him feel happy.

One day, very near Joseph's First Communion Day, his mother said:

"Joseph, I feel much better. I think God will make me well again."

"O Mother!" said Joseph, "do you think God will make you better?"

"Yes, my boy, I really think that I shall be well enough to go to Mass on your First Communion Day."

"If God does that for me, Mother, I'm always going to be a good boy and I'm always going to love God."

Joseph's mother kissed her dear little boy and said: "Joseph, never forget the promise you now made to God."

Joseph made his First Holy Com-

munion and his good mother was well enough to go to church.

Joseph is now a young man and I think he never forgets that God loves those who try to be good.

### A CHILD'S PRAYER

God make my life a little light,  
Within the world to glow;  
A tiny flame that burneth bright  
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower,  
That giveth joy to all,  
Content to bloom in native bower,  
Although its place be small.

God make my life a little song,  
That comforteth the sad;  
That helpeth others to be strong,  
And makes the singer glad.

— M. Betham Edwards



## LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

### Part I

Once upon a time, there lived a little girl that every one loved.

This little girl had a dear old grandmother.

She sent the little girl a very pretty cape with a red hood.

When the little girl wore the cape with the red hood, her friends called her Little Red Riding Hood.

One day her mother said: "Red Riding Hood, I want you to go and see your grandmother. She is sick. Take these good things to her. They will help to make her better."

When Red Riding Hood was ready to go, her mother said: "While you are away from me, be careful, my dear. Go at once to grandmother. Do not stop on the way."

"I will do everything you tell me, Mother," said Red Riding Hood.

The little girl went through the woods as fast as she could.

On the way she met a big wolf.

But she did not know what a wicked animal he was. So she was not afraid of him.

“How do you do, Red Riding Hood?” said Mr. Wolf.

“Good morning, Mr. Wolf.”

“Where are you going today?”

“To visit my grandmother, Mr. Wolf.”

“Where does she live?”

“Not very far from here. Keep on this road and you cannot miss the house.”

Red Riding Hood and the wolf walked together till they came to a place where there were many beautiful flowers.

“See the beautiful flowers, Red Riding Hood, and hear the pretty birds singing,” said Mr. Wolf.

“I shall pick some of these beau-

tiful flowers for grandmother,” said Red Riding Hood. “You need not wait for me, Mr. Wolf.”

## Part II

While Red Riding Hood was picking the flowers, the wolf ran to the grandmother’s house, and knocked.

“Who is there?” asked the grandmother.

“Little Red Riding Hood,” said the wolf. “Mother has sent me to visit you. Please open the door.”

“Lift the latch and come in, my dear,” said the grandmother.

The wolf lifted the latch and in he walked.

How frightened grandmother was!



With a scream, she jumped out of bed, ran into a closet, and locked the door on the inside. In her rush she dropped her night-cap.

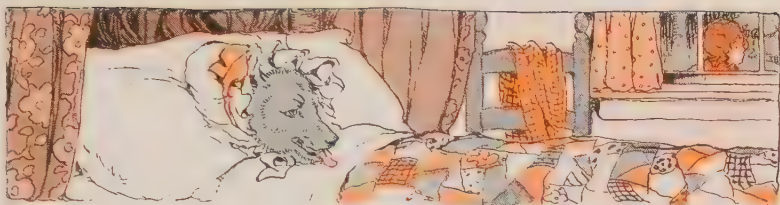
“Ha! ha!” laughed the wolf. “I did not catch you, but I shall catch Little Red Riding Hood.”

The wolf put on the grandmother’s cap and got into her bed to wait for Little Red Riding Hood.

When he heard her knock at the door, he cried out: “Who is there?”

“It is Little Red Riding Hood, grandmother. I have some good things for you. Mother asked me to bring them to you.”

“Lift the latch and come in, my dear,” said Mr. Wolf.



Red Riding Hood did so.

The room was somewhat dark so that she could not see very well.

“ Good morning, grandmother. Are you feeling better? ” asked Red Riding Hood. There was no answer.

Then Red Riding Hood came very close to the wolf and cried out:

“ O grandmother, what great ears you have! ”

“ The better to hear you, my dear. ”

“ O grandmother, what large eyes you have! ”

“ The better to see you, my dear. ”

“ O grandmother, what long teeth you have! ”

“ The better to eat you up.”

Little Red Riding Hood ran from the room as fast as she could.

The wolf ran after her.

He was just about to catch her, when a wood-cutter came along. He aimed his gun and fired.

The wolf turned and ran away.

Just then out ran the grandmother.

“ Kind sir,” said she to the wood-cutter, “ I thank you for saving Little Red Riding Hood’s life.”

Red Riding Hood also thanked the man and told him that she would never forget his kindness.

— Grimm’s Fairy Tales

## THE SHADOWS

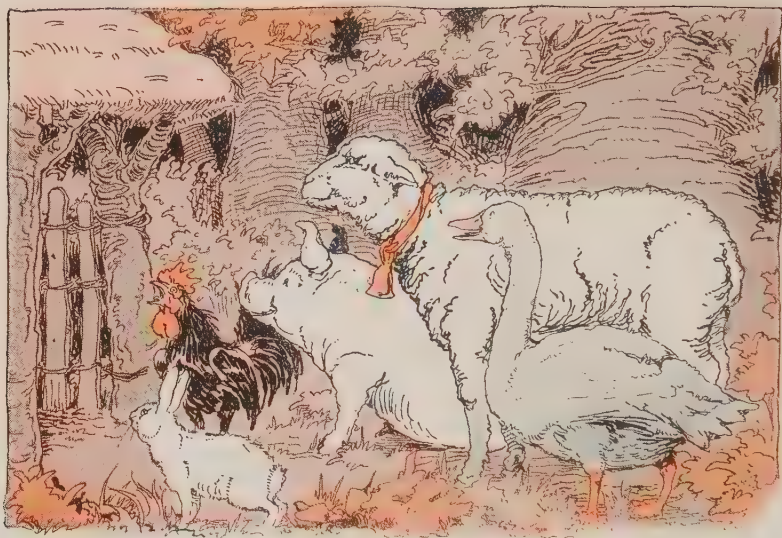
All up and down in shadow town  
The shadow children go ;  
In every street you're sure to meet  
Them running to and fro.

They move around without a sound,  
They play at hide-and-seek,  
But no one yet that I have met  
Has ever heard them speak.

Beneath the tree you often see  
Them dancing in and out,  
And in the sun there's always one  
To follow you about.

Go where you will, he follows still,  
Or sometimes runs before,  
And, home at last, you'll find him fast  
Beside you at the door.

— Frank Dempster Sherman



## WHY THEY BUILT A HOUSE

Once upon a time, long ago, a white sheep was placed in a pen.

This sheep was given all the food she could eat. She had plenty of green grass, turnips, and hay.

The girl who fed the sheep said to her one day: "Eat all you can. You will not be here much longer.

Now that you are fat they intend to kill you."

The sheep ate a good meal. She then threw down the door of the pen, and ran away as fast as she could.

At last she came to a farmhouse.

There were no sheep there, but she saw a fat pig in a pen.

"Good morning," said the sheep. How do you do?"

"I am quite well, thank you," said the pig.

"Do you know why they give you so much to eat?" asked the sheep.

"I do not," replied the pig. "I should like to know."

"When you are fat," said the sheep, "they intend to kill and eat you."



“ Well, then, I will not wait for them,” said the pig.

After much hard work, the pig made a hole in the pen and escaped.

“ Now I am free as the air,” said the pig.

“ Come with me. We will build a house in the woods,” said the sheep.

By and by the sheep and the pig met a goose.

“ Good morning,” said the goose, “ where are you two going? ”

“ We are going to build a house in the woods,” the sheep replied.

“ Why do you need a house in the woods? ” asked the goose.

“ Because the persons we lived with were going to kill us.”

“Do you mean that?” asked the goose.

“Yes, we are sure of it.”

“Now that you speak of it,” said the goose, “I think you are right.”

“That will be your end,” said the pig.

“May I go along with you?” asked the goose.

“Can you help us to build a house in the woods?” said the sheep.

“Oh, yes; I can do something,” replied the goose.

“Come along then by all means,” said the pig.

So the sheep, the pig, and the goose walked into the woods.

They soon met a pretty rabbit.

“ Good morning, friends,” said the rabbit. “ How do you do? ”

“ We are quite well, thank you,” replied the sheep.

“ Where are the three of you going? ” asked the rabbit.

“ We are going to build a house in the woods.”

“ Why did you leave home? ” said the rabbit.

“ We left home because the people intended to kill us.”

“ Why did they want to kill you? ”

“ So as to have plenty of meat.”

“ Do you think that they intend to kill me, too? ” asked the rabbit.

“ Yes, indeed,” said the pig, “ they mean to kill you, too.”

“ Then I should like to go with you. May I go? ” asked the rabbit.

“ What can you do to help us to build a house? ”

“ I can cut with my teeth,” replied the rabbit. “ I can run errands, too.”

“ Come along with us,” said the goose. “ Every little helps.”

So the sheep and the pig, the goose and the rabbit walked arm in arm until they met a rooster.

“ Good morning, my dears. How do you do? ” said the rooster.

“ We are quite well, thank you,” they replied.

“ Where are you going this beautiful day? ” asked the rooster.

“ We ran away from home.”

“ Why did you run away from home? ” asked the rooster.

“ Because the people there were going to kill us when we were fat.”

“ May I go with you? ” said the rooster.

“ Yes, if you can help us to build a house.”

“ To be sure, I can help to build a house,” said the rooster.

“ Come along,” said the goose.

They walked and walked until they found a good place on which to build the house.

“ Let us stop here,” said the sheep.

“ Very well,” said the pig.

“ Do you think this is a good place to build? ” asked the goose.

“It will do,” replied the rabbit.  
So they began to build their house.  
It did not take them long to  
finish it, because they worked late  
and early.

Then the sheep, the pig, the  
goose, the rabbit, and the rooster  
lived in the house for a long, long  
time, and were very, very happy.

### DO YOU SEE IT?

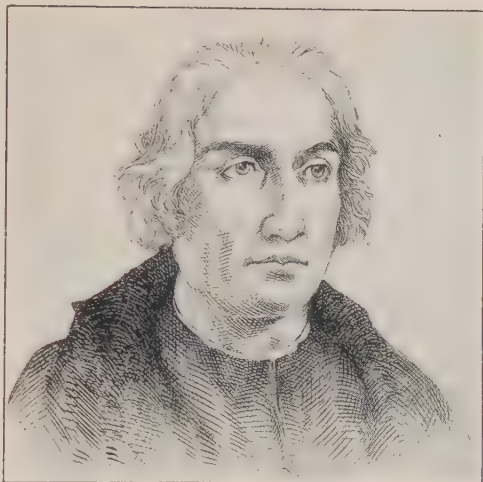
A bright little boy who had been to school,  
And was up to all sorts of tricks,  
Discovered that 9, when upside down,  
Would pass for the figure 6.  
So when asked his age by the teacher one day,  
The bright little fellow said:  
“I am 9 when I stand on my feet like this,  
But 6 when I stand on my head.”

— The Review



## WHEN DO YOU SAY?

1. Your prayers.
2. Grace.
3. "I thank you."
4. "I beg your pardon."
5. "How do you do?"
6. "I am well, thank you."
7. "Good-bye."
8. "Good morning."
9. "Good evening."
10. "Good night."
11. "You are welcome."
12. "Call again."
13. "Pardon me."
14. "I am sorry."
15. "Excuse me."
16. "I am glad to see you."



## CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

Joseph and John were on their way home from school.

John was telling Joseph about a long ride he had in the country.

“Father promised to take me for a long ride next Tuesday,” said Joseph.

“How can you go next Tuesday? It will be too late after school.”

“ We have no school Tuesday. It is Columbus Day.”

“ Oh, yes, I heard that yesterday. Do you know who Columbus was? ”

“ He was the brave and great man who discovered America.”

“ I wish I knew more about him.”

“ I am sure mother knows all about him. Come to my house. I will ask her to tell us.”

As soon as they reached the house, Joseph called: “ Mother, have you time to tell us about Columbus? ”

“ Surely, my dear, I am always glad to tell good little boys a story.”

The mother then put aside what she was doing, and told this story:

“ When Christopher Columbus was

about your age, he told his father that he would like to be a sailor.

“ His father told him that he was too young.

“ Christopher, however, kept on thinking about it.

“ You might see him any afternoon watching ships go out to sea.

“ He liked to listen to the stories that the old sailors told.

“ Christopher, however, was not a lazy boy. Every day when he came home from school, he helped his father in the workshop.

“ A few years later, he again asked his father if he might be a sailor. After some weeks, his father said that he might go.

“ Christopher was delighted.

“ One afternoon he kissed his father and his mother ‘ Good-bye,’ and went to sea.

“ As the ship in which he sailed went from place to place, he saw a great many wonderful things.

“ Being a bright boy, he soon learned how to sail a ship.

“ About the time when he became a man, every sailor was trying to find a new way to India.

“ Christopher Columbus felt that if some rich man would give him a ship and a number of sailors, he would find a new way to India.

“ Columbus asked many rich men to help him, but they would not.

“ At last the King and the Queen of Spain gave him three ships and a number of sailors.

“ After going to Mass one morning, Columbus and his men set sail.

“ Away, far away they sailed.

“ Some of the sailors wanted to turn back, but Columbus would not.

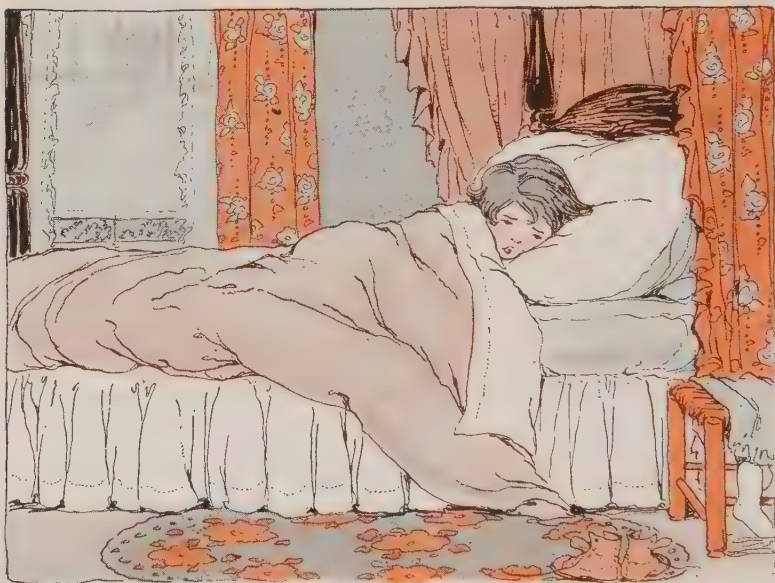
“ They kept on until they reached land. The place where they landed was not India, but America.

“ So Columbus discovered America on October 12, 1492.

“ Columbus himself did not know that he had discovered a new world.

“ You see then, boys, why we say that Columbus was a brave and a great man.”





## A NAUGHTY GIRL

Sometimes when I am naughty  
And am sent away to bed,  
My bedstead makes a heavy sigh  
And shakes its walnut head.

And, as I lie and look about,  
What do you think I see?  
My yellow little booties  
Sticking out their tongues at me.

— Good Housekeeping



## THANKSGIVING DAY

Anna lived on a farm and had many pets.

One day she sat in the kitchen.

Her mother had a large pumpkin.

“ Mother, what are you making? ”  
asked Anna.

“ I am making pumpkin pies.”

“ Are they for Thanksgiving Day? ”

“ Yes, Anna dear. Can you tell me why we keep Thanksgiving Day? ”

“ Oh, yes, Mother, to eat turkey, cranberry sauce, pumpkin pies, nuts, and all sorts of good things.”

“ I thought my little girl knew better than that. Perhaps if you think very hard, you might be able to give the right answer.”

Just then the door bell rang, and mother was called away.

It was growing dark.

Mother was away a long time.

Anna was thinking hard, but she could not think of a better answer.

Suddenly she looked up in surprise.

Something strange had happened.

Along the edge of the table stood her pets.

They were all there — Tabby, the little white kitten, Fly Away, her pretty dove, Whitie, a little lamb, and Scot, a cunning dog.

“How did they get into the house?” thought Anna.

At the same time Tabby began to speak.

Anna was much frightened.

“Meow, meow,” said Tabby, “I’m thankful for milk and mice.”

“Coo, coo,” said Fly Away, “I’m thankful for trees, sun, and air.”

“Baa, baa,” said Whitie, “I’m thankful for juicy grass and soft yellow straw.”

“Bow-wow, bow-wow,” said Scot, “I’m thankful for bones and meat.”

What do you think!

Fly Away flew out of the house.

Tabby, Whitie, and Scot jumped from the table and ran out too.

When Anna looked at the table again, she saw Cousin Jane, father, and mother.

They were very, very small.

They looked like little dolls.

Cousin Jane smiled at Anna and said: "I'm thankful for father and mother and for all that are kind to me."

"I'm thankful for all the things that grow on the farm," said Anna's father.

"I'm thankful for the dear little girl I have," said Anna's mother.

“ Anna, Anna, wake up. You have been asleep,” called her mother who had returned to finish the pies.

Anna rubbed and rubbed her eyes.

There was mother at the pumpkin pies.

“ What is the matter, Anna dear? ”

“ Oh, Mother, I have had a dream. Now I know why we keep Thanksgiving Day.”

“ Does my little girl know better now? ”

“ I think Thanksgiving Day is a day on which we should be thankful for all the good things we have.”

“ That is right, Anna. And don't you think we ought to thank God, too? ”





## SANTA CLAUS AND THE MOUSE

On a Christmas Eve many years ago, dear old Santa Claus visited a small house on a hill. He went there to fill the stockings of the children.

When Santa Claus looked about, he saw a mouse playing on a table.

“A happy Christmas, my little friend,” said Santa Claus.

“The same to you, good Santa,” said the little mouse.

“Why are you up so late?”

“I waited up to see you,” replied the mouse.

“Now that you have seen me, are you going to bed?” asked Santa.

“Not yet. I want to see what you are going to give the children,” replied the mouse.

Santa Claus then put all he could into each stocking.

“These stockings you see will not hold another thing,” said Santa.

“Are you quite sure of that, Santa?” asked the mouse.

“What do you mean?” asked Santa.

“Just what I said,” answered the mouse.

“You or any one else cannot put another thing into any of these stockings,” said Santa.

“I think I can put something more in each of the stockings.”

“A little mouse like you can put something more into each of the stockings!”

“Yes, I can,” replied the mouse.

“Why I filled stockings before you were born; and you think you can fill stockings better than I can.”

“I beg your pardon, good Santa. I did not say I could fill stockings better than you. I said I could put one thing more into each stocking.”

“ You cannot do it,” said Santa.

“ I think I can,” replied the mouse.

Santa then reached for each stocking, gave it to the mouse, and said to him: “ Let me see you put one thing more into each of these.”

“ Will you be angry with me if I do so? ” asked the mouse.

“ Why not at all,” said Santa. “ I want to see you put one thing more into each stocking.”

“ Very well, then, Santa. I will do it now,” said the mouse.

“ The sooner you do it, the better I shall like it,” said Santa.

The little mouse took each stocking, and bit a hole in the toe of it.

Santa was sure that the mouse could not do what he said.

He did not even look at what the mouse was doing.

“ See, Santa, see ! ” said the mouse, “ I have put one thing more in each stocking.”

“ I do not see it,” answered Santa. “ What have you put in ? ”

“ I have put a hole in the toe of each stocking,” said the mouse.

Santa Claus laughed so loud that you could hear him all over the house.

He said that it was the best joke he had ever heard. He laughed and laughed for a long time.

Then turning to the mouse, he

said: "I am going to give you a big piece of cheese for Christmas. You are the brightest mouse I ever met."

Santa Claus then got a big piece of cheese, and gave it to the mouse.

"Ta-ta, Santa, ta-ta," said the mouse, as he ran off with the cheese to his home in the earth.

"Good luck to you," said Santa.

### BE A BIT OF SUNSHINE

Work a little, sing a little,  
Whistle and be gay;  
Read a little, play a little,  
Busy every day;  
Talk a little, laugh a little,  
Don't forget to pray;  
Be a bit of sunshine  
All the livelong day.

— The Review



## SOMETHING TO DO

1. Tell what time it is.
2. Count the windows in the room.
3. Salute the flag.
4. Make the Sign of the Cross.
5. Tell the name of your book.
6. Write your name with chalk.
7. Count to twelve.
8. Name the colors of the flag.
9. Name the days of the week.
10. Say your evening prayers.
11. Sit in the teacher's chair.
12. Name the four seasons of the year.
13. Tell which season you like.
14. Tell your teacher's name.
15. Point to a picture in the room.



## MARIE'S CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

It was a bitter cold Christmas Eve.  
The wind was blowing, and the  
pale moon was shining in the sky.

In a small house in a large city,  
there lived a little girl named Marie.  
Even though it was Christmas

Eve, there was neither food nor money in the house.

The father had been out of work for some months.

The mother was very sad, because she could not buy anything to put in her child's stocking.

Marie was sure that Santa Claus would not forget her.

Before going to bed, she hung up the largest stocking she could find.

Soon she was sound asleep, dreaming of the presents that Santa would bring her for Christmas.

In that happy dream, Marie saw all the things for which she longed.

There were dresses, books, skates, a box of candy, and many other things.

When Marie saw all these things in her dream, she cried out:

“ Oh, Santa has been good to me! He has brought me dresses, books, skates, a wonderful box of candy, and many other good things.”

While Marie was talking in her sleep, Doctor White was attending her sick father in the next room.

He heard the things that Marie had spoken of in her dream.

It was late when the doctor left the house. He did not go home.

Where do you think he went?

He went to one of the largest stores in the city to buy the things Marie had spoken of in her dream. He then returned to Marie's house.

When Marie's mother saw him with a large bundle, she said: "Did you forget something, Doctor?"

"I wish to put a few things in Marie's room, so that when she wakes up in the morning her dream will come true."

"You are very kind, Doctor White," said the mother. "Marie will be delighted. How can I ever thank you?"

The happy mother filled Marie's stocking with fruit, candy, nuts, pop-corn and other things to eat.

On the table near the stocking, she put the dresses, the skates, the books, the wonderful box of candy, and the other good things.

Marie never heard her mother in the room.

Bright and early the next morning she awoke.

She jumped out of bed to see what Santa Claus had brought her.

Think of the surprise she got, when she saw all the Christmas presents.

At first she did not know whether she was awake or dreaming.

She rubbed her eyes and pinched her toes to make sure that she was awake.

“I am awake all right,” she said to herself. “There are all the presents. I can see them. I can feel them. I can touch them.”



Marie ran to her mother's bedroom, crying out: "Oh, Mother, Mother, see all the presents that Santa Claus brought me. Come, Mother, come to see them, please."

To please Marie, the mother went to the room.

There she saw the wonderful presents — everything a child could wish.

"Is not Santa Claus kind and good to me? I told you, Mother, that he would not forget me."

### LITTLE THINGS

Little drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Make the mighty ocean,  
And the pleasant land.

— E. C. Brewer

## THE NEW YEAR

A year to be glad in,  
Not to be bad in ;  
A year to live in,  
To gain and give in.

A year for trying,  
And not for sighing ;  
A year for striving,  
And hearty thriving.

A bright New Year,  
Oh, hold it dear ;  
For God Who sendeth,  
He only lendeth.

— Mary Mapes Dodge  
in *Saint Nicholas Magazine*



*Liesen-Mayer*

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

## ST. JOSEPH AND THE INFANT JESUS

When the little Jesus was a few days old, a very wicked king made up his mind to put Him to death.

The wicked king told his soldiers to kill every boy under one year of age.

Before the soldiers had time to do what the king told them, an angel came to St. Joseph, and told him to go into another country.

St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin took the Infant Jesus and went into another country.

In this way they saved the life of the Infant Jesus.

When the wicked king died, the

angel came again to St. Joseph, and told him that he could now return to his own country.

St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin lost no time in going back.

When Jesus grew to be a boy, the Blessed Virgin told Him many things.

She was His first teacher.

There were no schools such as we have to-day.

St. Joseph, too, helped to teach the Boy Jesus.

He took Him to the carpenter shop and showed Him how to make things.

The Boy Jesus was very fond of St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin.

He always did what they told  
Him.

He loved, honored, and obeyed  
His parents just as we do.

### TINY LITTLE SNOWFLAKES

Tiny little snowflakes,  
In the air so high,  
Are you little angels  
Floating in the sky?

Robed so white and spotless,  
Flying like a dove,  
Are you little creatures  
From the world above?

Whirling on the sidewalks,  
Dancing on the streets,  
Kissing all the faces  
Of the children sweet.

— Lucy Larcom



## QUESTIONS ON COLOR

1. What are the colors of our flag?
2. What is the color of the leaves?
3. What is the color of the sky?
4. What is the color of the ocean?
5. What is the color of your hair?
6. What is the color of your eyes?
7. What is the color of your suit?
8. What is the color of coal?
9. What is the color of an apple?
10. What is the color of a plum?
11. What is the color of a cherry?
12. What is the color of a crow?
13. What is the color of a squirrel?



## LINCOLN AND THE BIRD

When Abraham Lincoln was a young man he and some friends were traveling on horseback.

As they went along they passed many forests. Near one of the trees, Lincoln saw a baby bird that had fallen from the nest.

“Wait a moment for me,” said Abraham Lincoln to his friends.

Abraham then went back to the place where he saw the baby bird, took it in his hands, climbed the tree, and put it in the nest.

When he returned to his friends, one of them asked: “Why did you stop for such a thing as that?”

Hear what Lincoln said:

“My friend, you ask me why I should stop for such a thing as a baby bird.

“I can only say this — I feel better for doing it.

“If I let that helpless baby bird die on the ground, I could not have slept to-night.”

— Adapted



## TRYING TO BE LIKE FATHER

There is a little boy in Washington who is sure to become a great man.

His grandfather and his father were soldiers, and they talked much to him about the American flag.

This boy's name is Henry.

Henry was the baby of the family until a few days ago.

When the new baby came, Henry's bed was moved to another room.

Henry did not want to be alone in the room.

"It is lonesome in here," he said to his mother after she had tucked him in his little white bed.

"The angels will take care of you," said his mother.

"I do not know any angels, Mother. I should be afraid of them if they came around."

"Now, Henry, you must go to sleep; no one will hurt you."

"May I have a light in my room, Mother?"

“ No, my son; it would not be good for you.”

For a few moments nothing more was said.

“ Oh, Mother! ” said Henry.

“ Yes, dear.”

“ May I have grandfather’s flag? ”

“ Why do you want grandfather’s flag? ”

“ Oh, please, Mother, let me stick the flag at the head of my bed and I will go to sleep at once.”

“ How will that put you to sleep? ”

“ You remember what grandfather said at the meeting the other night.”

“ What did he say, Henry? ”

“ He said that under the flag the weakest would be safe. I feel weak



now, Mother. Please let me have the flag."

"Very well, son, I will bring it."

A few moments later, Henry had the flag.

At eight o'clock the mother looked in to see if her boy were asleep.

What did she find?

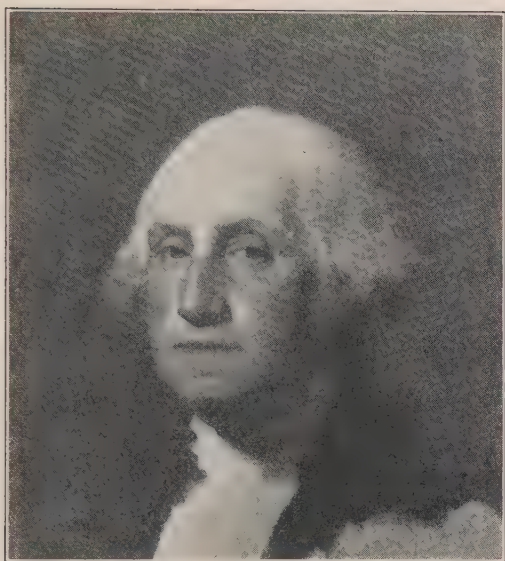
The dear little fellow was fast asleep with a tiny fat fist under his red cheek holding the end of the American flag.

— Adapted

## BILLY

Sweet little chap with eyes of blue,  
The love of my heart goes out to you;  
You make me think of the days gone by  
When tiny as you are now, was I.

— Mary C. Austin



GEORGE WASHINGTON

This is Washington's Birthday, and we are going to have a big time.

Fred is going to tell what George Washington did as a little boy, and Alice will sing a song about the great Washington.

Joseph is going to tell why Washington is called the "Father of Our

Country,” and Anna will play the “Washington March.”

Frank will tell what Washington did for our country, and Mary will speak of him as our first president.

Our teacher is going to tell us about the many books that give the story of Washington.

Then all will sing, “My Country, 'Tis of Thee,” and “I Love the Flag.”

After these, we are going to the school hall to get ice cream and cake.

Then we will give three cheers for George Washington :

Rah, rah, rah!

Rah, rah, rah!

Washington! Washington!

Rah, rah, rah!

## GIVE ANSWERS

1. Name the hot months.
2. When do the birds leave us?
3. Who was Christopher Columbus?
4. Give the name of a tree.
5. When does Thanksgiving Day come?
6. Give the name of an auto.
7. Name the cold months.
8. Name five animals.
9. Who was George Washington?
10. Name three flowers.
11. Tell one thing that Abraham Lincoln did.
12. In what month were you born?



*Hofmann*

## JESUS RAISES THE DEAD TO LIFE

Jesus went one day to a city called Naim. As He came near the city, He met a number of men and women.

The men were carrying a dead man to the grave.

The dead man was an only son.

His mother was crying as if her heart would break. When Jesus saw her, He was very sorry for her.

He told the men who were carrying the dead body to stop. They did so.

Jesus then spoke to the dead man.

This is what He said: "Young man, I say to thee, arise."

Wonderful to tell, he that was dead sat up and began to speak.

Jesus then gave the young man to his mother.

The mother thanked Him.

The other people who were present were more than surprised.

It was a most wonderful thing to bring the dead back to life.





### I WANT MY MOTHER

One pleasant April day, as I was nearing my house, I heard some one crying.

You could not guess what I saw. There stood a little girl about four years of age without coat or hat.

I went up to her and said: "What is the matter, my dear?"

“ I want my mother,” she replied.

“ Do not cry, dear. Tell me the street and the number, and I will take you to her.”

“ I cannot think of the street and the number, but I want my mother.”

“ How did you stray away from your home, dear? ”

“ The organ man made me do it. He played near our house.”

“ Did he ask you to go? ”

“ No, but the monkey was so funny.”

“ Where is the monkey now? ”

“ He has gone home with the organ man,” replied the little girl.

“ What is your mother’s name? ”

“ Her name is Mother Dear.

“ Oh, dear, I ought to be home to help my little brother with his prayers.

“ He is such a baby that he forgets how to say them. But when I help he can say them all right.”

“ Have you any other brothers or sisters at home? ”

“ I have just one brother, and I love him. We play together every day. Oh, dear, I want my mother.”

“ I am afraid that you will have to spend the night with me, my dear. I have plenty of room for a nice little girl like you.”

“ Oh, dear. Please take me home.”

“ How can I take you home? You do not know where you live.”

The little girl then began to cry.

My neighbor, good Mrs. Turner, heard the child crying, and came to the door to see if she could help me.

The child's face brightened at once.

"There is Aunt Helen," she cried running away from me.

"Come, darling Mary, what has happened to you?"

After Mary had explained how she had followed the organ man, Aunt Helen called Mary's mother on the telephone.

It was not long before Mary was in her mother's arms. Her good mother thanked us over and over.

She called a taxi, and soon Mary was home with her little brother.

## AMERICA

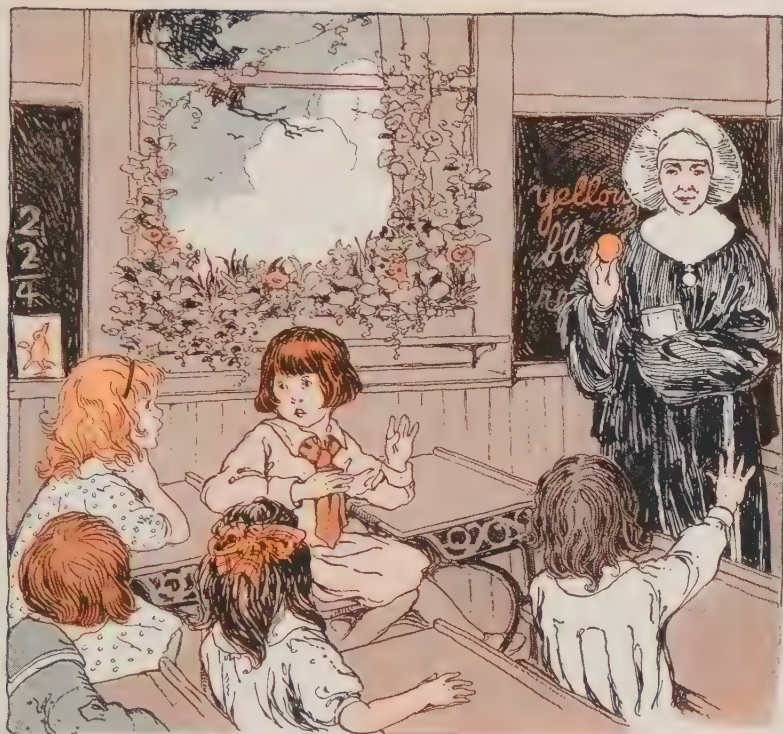
My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty!

Of thee I sing;  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the Pilgrim's pride,  
From every mountain side  
Let Freedom ring!

Our Father's God! to Thee,  
Author of Liberty,

To Thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright  
With Freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by Thy might,  
Great God, our King.

—Samuel F. Smith.



## HOW ROSE LEARNED THE COLORS

Little Rose had yellow hair, red lips, and blue eyes.

One day, Sister Mary Agnes, her teacher, showed the children some pretty yellow balls.



A little girl said : “ See, Sister, these balls are the color of Rose’s curls.”

Rose told this to her mother.

“ Yellow is a beautiful color, dear,” answered her mother. “ Many wonderful things are yellow ; the sun with its golden light, the sweet singing canary birds, the shining butter-cups are yellow like your golden hair.”

The next morning when Rose went to school she was pleased to find a pretty red ball on each desk.

When class had begun, Sister said : “ Let us see whose lips are as red as the balls.”

This made the children smile and several said to their little friends :

“ Your lips are as red.”

Rose again told her mother what had happened.

“ Yes, my dear, your lips are as red as cherries, and as red as poppies.”

About a week later Rose was watching Sister open a box.

What do you think was inside?

The dearest blue balls you ever saw.

The children looked at them with delight.

Mary said: “ Sister, see! Helen’s eyes are the same color as the balls.”

“ Why yes,” said Sister, as she gave the blue-eyed girl a ball to play with.

“ I think we’ll give every girl that has blue eyes a blue ball.”

Soon the children had selected all the girls who had blue eyes.

Each received a blue ball.

The very first thing Rose did when she returned home was to tell her mother about the blue balls.

“The sky is blue and the great ocean, too,” said the mother as she smiled at her dear little daughter whose eyes looked like two little forget-me-nots.

A few days later Sister gave out some orange splints. The children looked about to see if they could match them.

This time, Anna, Rose's little friend, wore an orange dress.

No sooner did the children see little Anna when they said, “Anna's dress is this color.”

Sister smiled. "Yes, Anna has an orange dress. The splints must be orange, too, for they are just the same color."

That evening Rose told mother of the beautiful color she had learned.

"Orange is a very beautiful color. Orange is the color of the sunset and the sunset is beautiful."

The next day Rose and her companions picked some violets. They brought the pretty flowers to Sister.

"I am so glad you brought these pretty flowers.

"To-day, then, we shall learn two more pretty colors."

Then Sister showed the children some pretty green and violet balls.

" Yes," said the children. " they are the color of the flowers and leaves."

Rose surprised every one by saying, " God made these pretty leaves and flowers. He gave them such pretty colors."

Sister then told the children that God sometimes paints these beautiful colors in the sky at sunset.

Very often after this little Rose watched the sky toward evening.

Her mother once said: " How good God is to paint these fair colors to delight our eyes! They show us how much God loves us! "

We thank You, dearest God, for all the colors — red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and violet.

## TWO LITTLE CLOUDS

Two little clouds one summer day  
Went floating through the sky;  
They went so fast they bumped their heads  
And both began to cry.

Old Father Sun looked down and said:  
"Oh, never mind, my dears,  
I'll send my little fairy folks  
To dry your falling tears!"

One fairy came in red so fine,  
And one in orange bright;  
Then yellow, green, blue, violet  
Were all at once in sight.

They wiped the cloud tears all away,  
And then from out the sky,  
Upon a line the sunbeams made,  
They hung their gowns to dry.

— Lizzie M. Hadley





## A LOVER OF CHILDREN

One day a number of children were playing near St. Joseph's Church.

An old gentleman with white hair came up to them and said: "May I ask why you are here just now?"

“ We are waiting for Father Johnson. He is preparing us for First Holy Communion,” was the reply.

All the boys then left their play and came forward to hear what the old gentleman had to say.

“ Do you know what Holy Communion is? ” asked the old gentleman.

“ We all know what Holy Communion is.”

“ What is Father Johnson going to do this afternoon? ”

“ He is going to tell us how to make a good confession.”

Just then a little girl who had not said a word, asked the gentleman:

“Do you remember when you made your First Holy Communion?”

“I do not remember very much about my First Holy Communion. It was a great many years ago.”

“We should like to hear what you remember about it.”

“I know that it was the happiest day in my life.”

“Did you have your picture taken?” asked another girl.

“Yes, I have it yet. I look at it now and then to remind me of that happy day.”

“You must have looked different then,” said one of the boys.

“Oh, yes. I had black hair then; now it is white.”

For a few minutes, no one spoke. The old gentleman was thinking.

“ Though I cannot tell you very much about my First Communion, I know a story about a little boy who made his First Holy Communion in the great city of Rome.”

“ Is that where the Holy Father lives? ” asked one of the boys.

“ Yes, my child ; that is where the Pope lives.”

“ Please tell us about the little boy,” said the children.

“ Not many years ago, a French mother and her two boys took a trip to the city of Rome.

“ The older boy was eight years of age, and the younger was six.

“ One day, the Holy Father came into a large room to see all the visitors.

“ When the mother’s time came to speak to the Holy Father, she said to him : ‘ Holy Father, this little boy hopes to make his First Holy Communion to-morrow morning at your Mass.’

“ ‘ And what about the younger boy?’ asked the Holy Father.

“ ‘ Oh, he is too young to make his First Holy Communion,’ replied the mother.

“ Drawing the younger boy to him, the Holy Father said : ‘ Who is it, my child, that you receive in Holy Communion?’

“ ‘ The good God,’ replied the boy.

“ ‘ Would you like to receive your First Holy Communion with your brother? ’

“ ‘ I should be delighted to do so,’ replied the boy.

“ The Holy Father then asked him other questions.

“ When the little boy answered, the Pope smiled and said :

“ ‘ You, too, my dear child, will make your First Holy Communion at my Mass to-morrow morning.’

“ ‘ I thank you, Holy Father, you are very kind to me.’

“ Then the Pope blessed the French mother and her children.”



As the old gentleman finished his story, Father Johnson came. The children thanked the old gentleman and went into the church.

### THE CREATOR

All things bright and beautiful,  
All things great and small,  
All things wise and wonderful, —  
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,  
Each little bird that sings,  
God made their glowing colors,  
He made their tiny wings.

He gave us eyes to see them,  
And lips that we might tell  
The goodness of the Father  
Who doeth all things well.

— Mrs. Cecil Alexander



*Murillo*

## JESUS FEEDS THE PEOPLE

One day Jesus and His apostles went to the country for a rest.

When the people saw Jesus going they followed Him.

It was evening when they reached the country place.

When Jesus saw the large number of men, women, and children, He told them many things about

God and about heaven; and all those who were sick He made well.

The apostles asked Jesus to send the people home, because they had nothing for them to eat.

“I have not the heart to send them home hungry,” said Jesus. “I will give them something to eat.”

“Where shall we get food for so many?” asked the apostles.

“How many loaves of bread have you?” said Jesus.

“We have only five loaves of bread and two small fishes. But what are these among so many?”

Jesus then told the apostles to have all the people sit down on the grass.

The people sat down on the grass.

They began to wonder what was going to take place.

They knew that a large number of men, women, and children could not be fed on five loaves of bread and two fishes.

Jesus took the loaves of bread and the fishes in His hands and prayed over them.

What happened then?

Jesus multiplied the five loaves of bread and the two fishes, so that there was more than enough to feed every one present.

How kind Jesus was to the people!

He performed a miracle rather than have them go home hungry.

## WHAT WOULD YOU DO ?

1. If you were sick?
2. If you were in church?
3. If you had to cross a street?
4. If you did not know your way home?
5. If you met your mother?
6. If you met a priest?
7. If you were late for school?
8. If you woke at five in the morning?
9. If you were a teacher?
10. If you found some money?
11. If you lost a dollar?
12. If you lived in the country?
13. If you slipped on the sidewalk?
14. If you had no mother?



### WHO WAS RIGHT?

“Frances, dear, it is time to go to school,” said Mrs. Carroll.

“Yes, Mother, I am ready, but I cannot find the paper with my lessons. Where can it be?”

“When did you have it last?”

“ I had it last evening when Anna White was here.”

“ Did Anna White speak to you about the lesson? ”

“ She could not do hers, so she asked me to let her have my paper.”

“ Did you let her take it? ”

“ No, Mother; I did not let her have it. I think she took it.”

“ Did Anna see the paper? ”

“ Yes, Mother; I showed it to her and then put it into my book.”

“ What makes you think that Anna took your paper? ”

“ She is trying to win a gold watch. Her father will give her one if she has good lessons for three months.”



“ Have you looked everywhere? ”

“ Yes, Mother; I have.”

“ Perhaps you put your paper away with your toys.”

“ I am sure I put it back into my book.”

“ Do not be too sure, dear,” said her mother. “ You think you put it back. Perhaps you did not.”

“ I am sure I put it back into my book,” replied Frances.

“ Now, do not wait any longer or you will be late for school.”

“ If I am late for school, I shall tell Sister who is to blame.”

“ Now, Frances, please do not say anything about the lost paper to-day. You may find it.”

“Indeed I will. Sister shall know what a mean girl Anna is.”

Before her mother could say another word, Frances ran to school. To be sure, she was late.

At first she did not say anything about the lost paper.

When the pupils were asked for their home work, Frances was almost crying.

Anna White handed in a good paper.

At recess Frances became angry and called Anna names.

Anna told her that she knew nothing about the paper.

“You took my paper,” said Frances.

“I did not take your paper,” said Anna.

“Yes, you did.”

“No, I did not.”

The ringing of the bell put an end to the talk.

When Frances went home that afternoon, she told her mother that everything had gone wrong.

“Sit down, Frances,” said her mother, “and let us talk it over.”

“There is no use in talking about it, Mother. She is a mean girl, and I told her so.”

“I am very sorry if my little girl has been rude to her friend.”

“She is no friend of mine. I shall never speak to her again.”

“ You must not talk that way, Frances,” said the mother. “ It is not the polite way to speak to your mother.”

“ I beg your pardon, Mother,” said Frances.

“ By the way, what game did you play last evening? ”

“ Fox and ducks, Mother.”

“ When you were through, what did you do with the pieces? ”

“ I put them away. Are any of them lost? ”

“ Get the box and count them.”

Frances did as she was told.

“ They are all there, Mother.”

“ Did you take everything out of the box? ”

“ All but the paper that tells how to play the game.”

“ Please take that out, too,” said the mother.

“ Oh, Mother! here it is! Do you think Anna hid it in the box? ”

“ No, my dear, Anna had nothing to do with it. You did not begin the game till she had gone home.”

“ That is right, Mother.”

“ You thought Anna took your paper. I could not believe it. So I looked for the paper and found it in the box.”

“ Oh, Mother, I am ashamed of myself.”

“ I am glad that you are ashamed of yourself. You said that you would not speak to Anna again. Do you feel that way now? ”

“ I am afraid that she will not speak to me.”

“ I think she will. But you must go to her and tell her that you are sorry for what you said.”

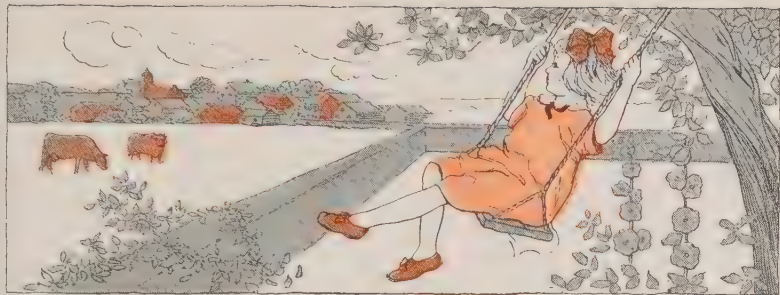
“ I will do just as you say, Mother. I do hope she will forgive me.”

The next day Frances and Anna had a long talk.

Frances said that she was sorry.

Now they are the best of friends.

— The Review



## THE SWING

How do you like to go up in the swing?

Up in the air so blue?

Oh, I do think it is the pleasantest thing

Ever a child can do.

Up in the air and over the wall,

Till I can see so wide,

Rivers and trees and cattle and all

Over the countryside.

Till I look down on the garden green,

Down on the road so brown.

Up in the air I go flying again ;

Up in the air and down.

— Robert L. Stevenson



## CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

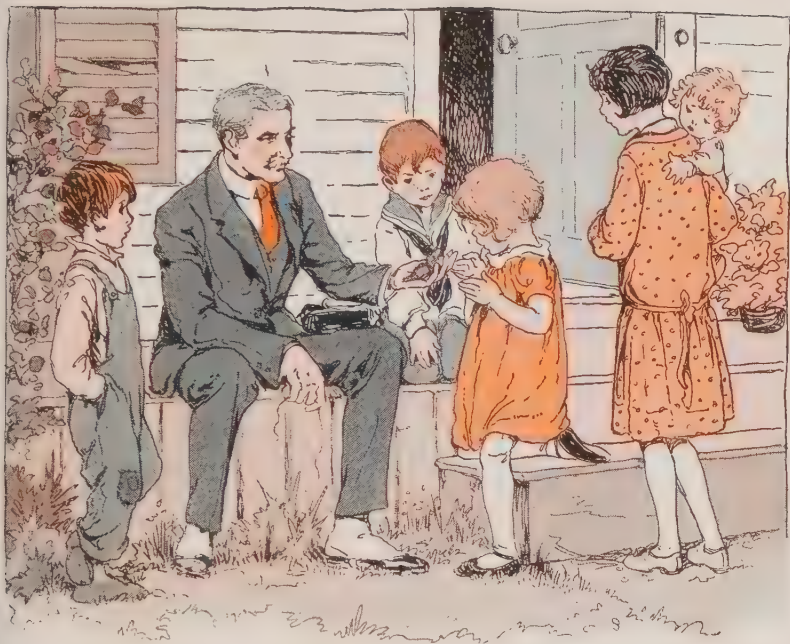
How many new words can you form by putting together any two of the following words?

|       |        |        |        |
|-------|--------|--------|--------|
| be    | out    | in     | side   |
| day   | spring | sun    | time   |
| shine | set    | snow   | noon   |
| card  | come   | man    | thanks |
| board | work   | black  | sea    |
| fore  | shop   | giving | shore  |

## WHAT A CHILD SHOULD DO

A child should always say what's true,  
And speak when he is spoken to,  
And behave mannerly at table,  
At least as far as he is able.

— Robert L. Stevenson



## FRIENDS OF THE BIRDS

Anna and Fred Ray were taking a long walk in the country one day last summer.

On their way home, they saw a little bird on the ground.

“See the little bird,” said Anna.

“He must be either sick or hurt. What can we do for him?”

Fred took the little bird in his hand. He soon found that there was something the matter with the bird's wing.

“It looks to me,” said Fred, “as if one of his wings is hurt. That is why he cannot fly.”

“What shall we do for him?”

“I do not know. I am not a doctor. I wish I were.”

“Do you think it would help to bind the wing?” asked Anna.

“I think it would help him. Where can we get a string?”

“Let us ask the woman at the farmhouse for it,” said Anna.

“Very well, Anna. Let us carry the bird to the farmhouse.”

They walked along without saying a word.

When they came to the house, they saw a doctor's car outside the door.

“We are in luck,” said Fred.

Anna went to the door and rang the bell.

A bright little boy opened it, and said: “What can I do for you?”

Anna told him about the bird.

“Wait a minute,” he said, “I will call the doctor at once.”

The little boy ran into the room in which the doctor was and said:

“Come, doctor, come at once. You are wanted by a little girl.”

When the doctor came to the door, he was surprised to see the little girl with the bird in her hand.

The little boy then said:

“Doctor, this little girl wants you to tell her what is the matter with the bird.”

The doctor then took the bird in his hands, and found that the wing was hurt.

He got a piece of tape and a bit of salve and fixed the wing as best he could.

Then turning to Anna he asked:

“Now what are you going to do with the little bird?”

“Fred and I are going to take him back to the place where we found him.”

“You and your brother are good children. I am sure that God will bless both of you for your kindness to the little bird,” said the doctor.

“We cannot pay you, Doctor,” said Anna. “We have no money. We thank you just the same.”

The doctor returned home, and Fred and Anna took the bird back to the place where they found him.

“I wonder if he can fly now,” said Anna.

“Perhaps he can. Why not try?”

Anna put the bird on the gate.

What do you think he did?

He flew back to Anna.

“I never saw a bird do that before,” said Fred. “Why do you think he came back?”

“I think the little bird wanted to thank us,” replied Anna.

The bird was now standing on Anna’s hand.

“Look! look!” said Fred. “He is bowing to us. That means ‘thank you.’”

“You are welcome, little bird,” said Anna. “Tell any other birds that are hurt to come to us, and we will help them.”

The little bird shook his tail, and flew into the beautiful blue sky.





*Doré*

## MOSES

Once upon a time, there lived in the far east a very wicked king.

This king gave orders to have all the little babies in his country put to death.

“He will not kill my child,” said one of the mothers. “I will hide him in the bulrushes.”

The mother put her dear baby in a basket and hid it in the bul-rushes.

“See that no one hurts baby,” said the mother to her daughter.

While the girl was watching the baby, a princess came to the place where the infant was.

The princess saw the basket and sent her maid for it.

There in the basket she saw the most beautiful little infant.

She took the baby in her arms, but he began to cry.

The princess tried to comfort him.

Just then the girl who had been watching the baby came up to the princess and said :

“Would you like me to find a woman to take care of the baby?”

“Get one as soon as you can,” replied the princess.

The girl ran home and told her mother. The mother lost no time in coming to the princess.

“Will you take care of this child for me?” asked the princess.

“I shall be glad to do so,” answered the mother.

The mother then took baby Moses to her home and brought him up for the princess.

In that way, Moses was saved from being put to death.

When he grew to be a man, he was a wonderful help to all his people.



*Hofmann*

THE ASCENSION

## JESUS ASCENDS INTO HEAVEN

You all remember, dear children, that Jesus arose from the dead on Easter Sunday morning.

That same day, He went to the room in which the apostles were.

When the apostles saw Him, they were filled with fear.

They knew that Jesus had been put to death. They knew He had been placed in a tomb. Is it any wonder that they were afraid when they saw Him alive again?

Jesus told the apostles not to be afraid of Him.

He showed them His hands and His feet with the marks of the nails in them.

Then they knew it was Jesus.

They were glad to see Him again.

They hoped that He would remain with them for all time.

During the next forty days, Jesus showed Himself to many persons.

He wanted to prove to them that He was truly risen from the dead.

He also wanted to tell the apostles what to do when He went to heaven.

Forty days after He rose from the dead, Jesus and His apostles had a meeting outside the city.

While He was talking to them, Jesus went up in the sky, that is, He ascended into heaven.

## THOUGHT QUESTIONS

1. When was Jesus put to death?
2. How was He put to death?
3. Where was He buried?
4. In what kind of a grave was He buried?
5. How long did He remain in the grave?
6. What took place on Easter Sunday?
7. With whom did Jesus talk?
8. Where were the apostles?
9. Did Jesus show Himself to other persons?
10. Why did He show Himself to so many?
11. How long did He remain on earth?
12. Why did He remain so long?
13. What took place forty days after Easter?
14. Where did Jesus ascend into heaven?
15. Were the apostles surprised when they saw Him going up to heaven?





MOZART AND HIS SISTER

*Schneider*

## MOZART'S PRAYER

Many years ago, two dear little children, a boy and a girl, lived in a small house near a large river.

These two children loved music very much.

When the little girl was six years old, she could play the piano.

Her tiny brother, Wolfgang, was even a better player.

Every one that heard him play said he was a wonder.

Just as these children were beginning to enjoy life, the times became so hard that they did not always have enough to eat.

One afternoon, Wolfgang and his sister went for a walk.

The boy said to his sister: "Let us take a long walk in the forest. I love to hear the wild birds sing, and to catch the sound of the flowing river. They seem like music to me."

They walked a long way from home. Everything they saw made them think of God Who made this wonderful world.

When the children came to a fallen tree, they rested for a short time.

"This is a good place to pray," said Wolfgang.

"For what shall we pray?"

"Let us pray for father and mother," said Wolfgang.

“ Dear mother hardly ever smiles now. Father, too, seems very sad.

“ Let us ask God to help them.”

The children knelt on the grass and prayed from their hearts.

This is what they said :

“ Dear God, please help father and mother to get enough for us to eat; and, dear God, show us how to help them.”

“ How can we help them? ” asked the sister.

“ By and by, when I become a man, I shall play before a great many rich persons, and they will give me plenty of money.

“ I shall give all the money I get to my father and my mother.

“Then we can live in a beautiful house, and be very happy.”

As Wolfgang finished talking, he heard some one laughing.

The boy turned around and saw a gentleman on horseback.

“Good afternoon, children,” said the gentleman.

“Good afternoon, sir,” replied the children.

The gentleman then asked many, many questions. The little girl answered every one of them.

“What is this little fellow going to be when he becomes a man?” asked the gentleman.

“He hopes to be a great musician,” replied the little girl. “Then

he can earn much money, and we shall be poor no longer.”

“He may do that when he has learned to play well enough,” said the gentleman.

“He plays well now, sir.”

“No, no; that cannot be,” said the gentleman.

“Come and see us, sir, and I shall play for you,” said Wolfgang.

“I shall call on you this very evening,” said the gentleman.

The children went home and told their father and mother about the gentleman they met in the forest.

Soon some one knocked at the door.

“Come in,” said Mr. Mozart.

The door opened and in came a man with a basket of things to eat.

“What does all this mean?” asked Mr. Mozart.

“It means, dear Father, that God heard our prayer.”

“What prayer, my child?”

“This afternoon we asked God to help us to get enough to eat; and now, dear Father, He has done so.”

Not long after this, while Wolfgang was playing one of his pieces, the gentleman they had met in the forest stood near the open door.

He was so delighted that he invited Mr. Mozart and his family to come and live near him.

He said to the father: “I should



like to get the best teachers for Wolfgang. He is a wonderful player.”

In a week or two the Mozart family moved near the gentleman’s home, and Wolfgang studied very hard every day.

He became a great musician, and everybody loves his beautiful music.

### THE WORLD’S MUSIC

The world is such a happy place,  
That children whether big or small,  
Should always have a smiling face,  
And never, never sulk at all.

I waken when the morning comes,  
And feel the air with song alive, —  
A strange sweet music like the hum  
Of bees about their busy hive.

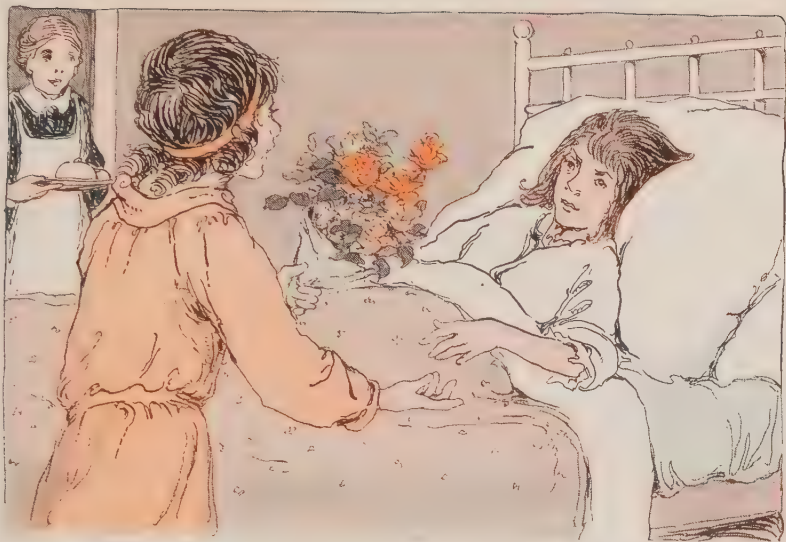
— Gabriel Setoun

## A PUZZLE

Little Lucy Locket  
She hadn't any pocket —  
No place to carry anything at all;  
While Lucy's brother Benny  
He had so very many  
In which to put his marbles, top, or ball,  
That when he's in a hurry  
'Tis sometimes quite a worry  
To find the one he wants among them all.

Now why should Lucy Locket  
Not have a little pocket —  
A handy little pocket in her dress?  
And why should brother Benny,  
Who doesn't need so many,  
Be favored with a dozen more or less?  
The reason, if you know it,  
Be kind enough to show it.  
It really is a puzzle, I confess.

— The Westminster



### A KIND DEED

“O Mother!” said Louise Brooks as she came into the room, “where did you get the beautiful flowers?”

“Mr. Webb sent them to you this morning because you helped his little boy when he was hurt.”

“I had almost forgotten about it, Mother dear. Little Billy Webb

fell from his sled and broke his arm. I picked him up and held him till his father came."

"You did well, child. Now the boy's father wants to tell you so by sending these beautiful flowers."

"Mother, they are too beautiful to keep them all."

"I do think they are beautiful."

"Mary White is sick. Perhaps she would like some of them."

"She would be delighted to get a few of them," said the mother.

"May I give her some now?"

"Yes, dear, if you wish."

Louise picked out the prettiest flowers and took them to the sick girl.

"I heard you were sick, Mary,"

said Louise, "and I brought these flowers for you."

"Oh, thank you! Louise."

Then the sick girl's mother came into the room and saw the flowers.

"May God bless you, my dear child," said the mother. "I shall pray for you."

These words pleased Louise very much. She kept saying on her way home: "May God bless you, my dear child. I shall pray for you."

"Well, Louise, tell me about your visit," said the mother.

"I am so glad I went, Mother. Mary was delighted, and her mother said: 'May God bless you. I shall pray for you.'"



## THE INDIANS

When Christopher Columbus came to America in 1492, he found strange people whom he called Indians.

These people lived in wigwams.

The wigwams were made of long poles which met at the top, and were covered with skins or mats.

A hole was made in the top of the wigwam to let the smoke out.

The Indian women were called squaws.

The squaws did all the hard work. They took care of the house and tilled the land.

They made the clothes for all the family. Their clothes were made from the skins of wild animals.

The Indian men spent their time in fighting, hunting, or lounging around the wigwams.

They painted their faces and wore feathers in their hair.

The Indians had no schools at that time. The children could neither read nor write.

The boys learned to fish, to hunt, and to build canoes.



They could run fast, row a boat, and swim like a fish.

The girls were taught to do the work of the house and to plant the corn.

They never saw a piece of candy or a dish of ice cream.

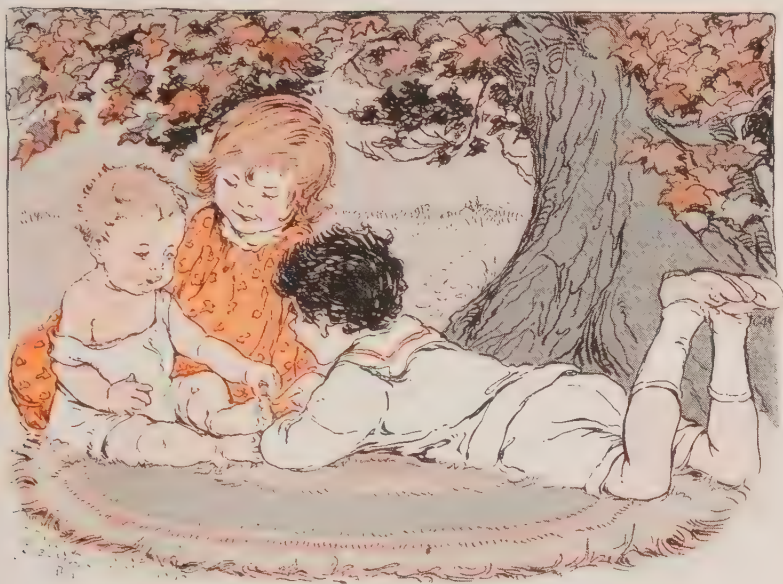
Meat was the chief food of the Indians.

The Indian babies had a funny-looking cradle.

Sometimes the squaw hung the cradle on a tree.

The wind would rock the baby to sleep.

When going from place to place, the squaw would carry the baby on her back.



## FOOT SOLDIERS

'Tis all the way to Toe Town,  
Beyond the Knee high hill,  
That Baby has to travel down  
To see the soldiers drill.

One, two, three, four, five, a-row —  
A captain and his men —  
And on the other side, you know,  
Are six, seven, eight, nine, ten.

— Rev. John B. Tabb



### ONE, TWO, THREE

It was an old, old, old, old lady  
And a boy that was half-past three;  
And the way they played together  
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go romping and jumping,  
And the boy, no more could he;  
For he was a thin little fellow,  
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,  
Out under the maple tree,  
And the game that they played I'll tell you,  
Just as it was told to me.

It was Hide-and-Go-Seek they were playing,  
Though you'd never have known it to be —  
With an old, old, old, old lady  
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down  
On his little sound right knee;  
And he guessed where she was hiding  
In guesses One, Two, Three.

“ You are in the china closet ! ”  
He would cry, and laugh with glee —  
It wasn't the china closet,  
But he still had Two and Three.

“ You are up in papa's big bedroom,  
In the chest with the queer old key.”

And she said : “ You are warm and warmer ;  
But you are not quite right,” said she.

“ It can’t be the little cupboard  
Where mamma’s things used to be —  
So it must be in the clothespress, Gran’ma,”  
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers  
That were wrinkled, and white, and wee,  
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,  
With a One, and a Two, and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places  
Right under the maple tree —  
This old, old, old, old lady  
And the boy with the lame little knee —  
This dear, dear, dear old lady  
And the boy who was half-past three.

— Henry C. Bunner

## CALLING THE VIOLET

Dear little Violet,  
    Don't be afraid!  
Lift your blue eyes  
    From the rock's mossy shade!  
All the birds call for you  
    Out of the sky;  
May is here, waiting,  
    And here, too, am I.

Come, pretty Violet,  
    Winter's away;  
Come, for without you  
    May isn't May.  
Down through the sunshine  
    Wings flutter and fly;—  
Quick, little Violet,  
    Open your eye!

— Lucy Larcom



ST. TERESA AND THE CHILD  
JESUS

“ Oh, Mother! do you know what Sister told us to-day? ”

“ I cannot guess, dear. What did she tell you? ”



“She told us a beautiful story of St. Teresa and the Child Jesus.”

“Perhaps you can tell the story to me,” said the mother.

“I cannot tell you all the story, but I can tell you a part of it.”

“I should like to hear the part you know, dear.”

“Very well, Mother; I will do my best.”

Before telling us the story, Sister took us all to the church so that we could look at the statue of St. Teresa.

When we returned to our classroom, she said :

“St. Teresa was born in France not so many years ago.

“ When she was three and a half years old, her mother died.

“ This made little Teresa think of heaven where her mother had gone.

“ It made her long for the day when she, too, would be with her mother.

“ When Teresa was nine years of age, she made her First Holy Communion.

“ On her First Communion day she was very, very happy.

“ She said to her kind father :  
‘ God is with me to-day and I hope to keep Him with me forever.’

“ ‘ I am delighted to hear my

little girl say that. It makes me very happy,' said the father.

"Some time later, Teresa was very sick. The doctor said that she would not live.

"Her father and sisters did not give up hope. They prayed and prayed to the Blessed Virgin.

"And wonderful to relate, little Teresa recovered.

"One day her father said: 'The Blessed Virgin is very good to you. You must never forget what she has done for you.'

" 'I shall always pray to her as long as I live.'

"Little Teresa was very fond of going to church. She was always

on time. Do you know what she prayed for?

“She asked the Child Jesus to give her the grace to become a Sister when she grew big.

“And the Child Jesus heard her prayer.

“She became a Sister when she was only fifteen years old.

“In the convent, she grew more holy every day.

“It was her delight to do things for others.

“Teresa thought of God first, and of herself last.

“She spent most of her time in work and prayer. She did God’s Holy Will in all things.

“ When she was eight or nine years a Sister, God said to her, ‘ I want you to come at once to heaven.’

“ Little Teresa, always ready, did as God told her.

“ Before she died she told the other Sisters that she would let fall a shower of roses.

“ This meant that she would continue to pray for those on earth. True to her word, she has helped many children and grown persons.

“ She has helped so many that the Church calls her a saint.

“ That is the greatest honor that could be given to any one.”

## A MUSIC BOX

I am a little music box,  
Wound up and made to go,  
And play my little living tune  
The best way that I know.

If I am naughty, cross or rude,  
The music will go wrong,  
My little works be tangled up  
And spoil the pretty song.

I must be very sweet and good  
And happy all the day,  
And then the little music box  
In tune will always play.

— Abbie Farwell Brown

## SECOND READER WORD LIST

This list shows the new words introduced on each page of the Second Reader. These words are marked in accordance with the system of *The Teachers' Word Book*. Nearly all the words in the Second Reader are words commonly used by children. The first five hundred are marked *1a*, the second five hundred are marked *1b*, and the third five hundred are marked *2a*, etc. Words not found in the Thorndike 5000 list are unmarked.

|          |           |           |           |            |           |            |           |
|----------|-----------|-----------|-----------|------------|-----------|------------|-----------|
| <b>1</b> |           | pure      | <i>1b</i> | doth       | <i>3a</i> | <b>16</b>  |           |
| Mrs.     | <i>1b</i> | ring      | <i>1b</i> | lovely     | <i>2a</i> | among      | <i>1a</i> |
| <b>2</b> |           | miles     |           | <b>13</b>  |           | bare       | <i>2a</i> |
| dressed  | <i>1a</i> | <b>6</b>  |           | creep      | <i>2a</i> | begin      | <i>1a</i> |
| kindness | <i>2b</i> | crow      | <i>2b</i> | daisies    | <i>3a</i> | branches   | <i>1b</i> |
| pajamas  |           | jolly     | <i>4a</i> | nod        | <i>2b</i> | freeze     | <i>2b</i> |
| played   | <i>1a</i> | oddest    | <i>1a</i> | south      | <i>1a</i> | lean       | <i>2a</i> |
| later    | <i>1a</i> | queen     | <i>1b</i> | springtime |           | moving     | <i>1a</i> |
| son      | <i>1a</i> | laugh     |           | peep       | <i>2b</i> | whisper    | <i>2a</i> |
| <b>3</b> |           | <b>7</b>  |           | <b>14</b>  |           | softly     |           |
| forget   | <i>1b</i> | anyway    | <i>4b</i> | buttercup  |           | <b>17</b>  |           |
| <b>4</b> |           | gray      | <i>1b</i> | picked     | <i>1b</i> | everywhere | <i>3a</i> |
| bump     |           | maybe     | <i>4a</i> | shaking    | <i>1b</i> | fairyland  | <i>5b</i> |
| nothing  | <i>1a</i> | often     | <i>1a</i> | <b>15</b>  |           | melts      | <i>2a</i> |
| rattle   | <i>3b</i> | <b>8</b>  |           | autumn     | <i>2b</i> | snowflakes |           |
| trouble  | <i>1b</i> | hole      | <i>1b</i> | choose     | <i>1b</i> | cloud      | <i>1b</i> |
| kisses   |           | <b>10</b> |           | fairies    | <i>2b</i> | <b>18</b>  |           |
| <b>5</b> |           | farmer    | <i>1b</i> | fallen     | <i>3b</i> | answered   | <i>1a</i> |
| Babyland |           | instead   | <i>1b</i> | folded     | <i>2a</i> | blossoms   | <i>2a</i> |
| downy    |           | <b>12</b> |           | path       | <i>1b</i> | harsh      | <i>3b</i> |
| flight   |           | afar      | <i>5b</i> | perhaps    | <i>1b</i> | luscious   |           |
| folks    | <i>2a</i> |           |           | rate       | <i>2a</i> | tints      |           |
|          |           |           |           | sort       | <i>1b</i> | yellow     | <i>1b</i> |
|          |           |           |           | floating   | <i>2b</i> |            |           |



|              |           |             |           |           |           |             |           |
|--------------|-----------|-------------|-----------|-----------|-----------|-------------|-----------|
| <b>19</b>    |           | bosom       | <i>2b</i> | <b>31</b> |           | <b>38</b>   |           |
| Annunciation |           | breast      | <i>2a</i> | talked    | <i>1a</i> | Communion   |           |
| finished     | <i>1b</i> | earth's     | <i>1a</i> | <b>32</b> |           | ill         | <i>1b</i> |
| fireside     |           | flowing     | <i>1b</i> | deeper    | <i>1a</i> | preparing   | <i>1b</i> |
| vacation     | <i>3b</i> | fools       | <i>5b</i> | welcome   | <i>2a</i> | <b>39</b>   |           |
| <b>20</b>    |           | intimately  | <i>5b</i> | <b>33</b> |           | hardest     | <i>1a</i> |
| beside       | <i>1b</i> | lain        |           | cause     | <i>1a</i> | naughty     | <i>4b</i> |
| Helen        | <i>3b</i> | leafy       |           | class     | <i>1b</i> | obey        | <i>2a</i> |
| stood        | <i>1b</i> | poem        | <i>3a</i> | morrow    | <i>4b</i> | instruction | <i>3a</i> |
| Margaret     | <i>4a</i> | prest       |           | stairs    | <i>2a</i> | <b>40</b>   |           |
| most         | <i>1a</i> | robins      | <i>2a</i> | set       | <i>1a</i> | enough      | <i>1a</i> |
| <b>21</b>    |           | wear        | <i>1b</i> | <b>34</b> |           | Mass        | <i>2a</i> |
| message      | <i>2a</i> | whose       | <i>1b</i> | fresh     | <i>1a</i> | promise     | <i>1b</i> |
| since        | <i>1a</i> | <b>27</b>   |           | dry       | <i>1b</i> | really      | <i>1b</i> |
| sent         | <i>1a</i> | pastor's    |           | <b>35</b> |           | <b>41</b>   |           |
| <b>22</b>    |           | <b>28</b>   |           | rather    | <i>1b</i> | although    | <i>1b</i> |
| candlelight  |           | else        | <i>1b</i> | wolf      | <i>2a</i> | bloom       | <i>3b</i> |
| hopping      |           | folds       | <i>2a</i> | <b>36</b> |           | burneth     | <i>2b</i> |
| grown-up     |           | glorified   | <i>5b</i> | builds    | <i>1a</i> | comforteth  | <i>2b</i> |
| past         | <i>1b</i> | quicker     | <i>1a</i> | overtops  |           | content     | <i>2a</i> |
| <b>24</b>    |           | sun-kissed  |           | prettier  |           | flame       | <i>2a</i> |
| breakfast    | <i>1b</i> | secure      | <i>2a</i> | rainbow   | <i>3b</i> | giveth      |           |
| cage         | <i>3b</i> | sight       | <i>1a</i> | road      | <i>1a</i> | glow        | <i>2b</i> |
| front        | <i>1a</i> | wind-tossed |           | sail      | <i>1a</i> | helpeth     |           |
| understand   | <i>1b</i> | holds       |           | seas      | <i>1a</i> | native      |           |
| <b>25</b>    |           | <b>29</b>   |           | ships     | <i>1a</i> | singer      |           |
| airships     |           | cheeks      | <i>2a</i> | earth     | <i>1a</i> | <b>42</b>   |           |
| automobile   | <i>2b</i> | fence       | <i>1b</i> | <b>37</b> |           | cape        | <i>3a</i> |
| creatures    | <i>2a</i> | rosy        | <i>4a</i> | cool      | <i>1b</i> | Hood        | <i>3b</i> |
| houses       | <i>1a</i> | stone       | <i>1a</i> | dries     | <i>4a</i> | Riding      | <i>1a</i> |
| I'm          | <i>2b</i> | <b>30</b>   |           | kite      | <i>4b</i> | wore        | <i>2b</i> |
| lives        | <i>1a</i> | behind      | <i>1a</i> | light     |           | <b>43</b>   |           |
| living       | <i>1a</i> | mind        | <i>1a</i> | view      | <i>1b</i> | stop        | <i>1a</i> |
| <b>26</b>    |           | speak       | <i>1a</i> | washing   | <i>1b</i> |             |           |
| cares        |           | stir        | <i>1a</i> | freezes   |           |             |           |
| against      | <i>1a</i> | whether     | <i>1b</i> |           |           |             |           |

|               |            |              |           |    |
|---------------|------------|--------------|-----------|----|
| 44            | plenty     | 59           | happened  | 1b |
| Mr. 1b        | turnips 5b | Christopher  | rang      | 4a |
| 45            | longer     | Columbus 3a  | sauce     | 4a |
| frightened    | 51         | next 1a      | suddenly  | 1b |
| lifted 1b     | farmhouse  | 60           | surprise  | 1b |
| knocked 2a    | intend 2a  | aside 3a     | strange   | 1b |
| 46            | replied    | yesterday 1b | stood     | 1b |
| dropped 1a    | meal 2a    | 61           | table     | 1a |
| night-cap     | pen 1b     | 77           |           |    |
| closet 3b     | 52         | lazy 2b      | bones     | 1b |
| inside 2a     | escaped 1b | workshop     | coo       |    |
| locked 2a     | free       | sailor 2b    | straw     | 2a |
| 47            | goose 2a   | 62           | thankful  | 4a |
| large 1a      | persons    | being 1a     | dove      | 3a |
| somewhat 2b   | 54         | India 3a     | kitten    | 3a |
| 48            | indeed 1b  | delighted 1b | Tabby     |    |
| fired         | 55         | 63           | Scot      |    |
| gun           | errands 4a | America      | Whitie    |    |
| saving        | rooster    | October 2a   | same      | 1a |
| turned 1a     | 57         | Spain 2b     | 68        |    |
| woodcutter    | 64         | reached      | cousin    | 2a |
| 49            | age        | landed 1a    | Jane      | 5a |
| beneath 2a    | fellow 1b  | 65           | 69        |    |
| dancing 1a    | figure 1b  | bedstead     | returned  | 1b |
| fro 4a        | late 1a    | booties      | rubbed    | 2b |
| hide-and-seek | upside     | heavy        | 70        |    |
| shadows 2a    | finish     | sigh 2a      | Eve       | 3a |
| there's 5a    | discovered | sticking 1b  | stockings | 2b |
| you'll 4a     | pass       | walnut 5b    | visited   | 1a |
| you're        | sorts      | 66           | 74        |    |
| follows       | 58         | farm 1b      | even      |    |
| 50            | beg        | kitchen 2a   | joke      | 3b |
| built 1b      | excuse 2b  | pumpkin 4b   | loud      | 1b |
| fed 2b        | pardon 2b  | 67           | 75        |    |
| placed 1a     |            | cranberry    | gay       | 2a |
|               |            | edge 1b      | luck      | 3a |

|           |    |          |    |           |    |            |    |
|-----------|----|----------|----|-----------|----|------------|----|
| livelong  |    | 82       |    | forests   | 1b | grave      | 1b |
| sunshine  | 2b | drops    | 1a | horseback | 4a | Naim       |    |
| ta-ta     |    | grains   | 1b | Lincoln   | 3b | raises     | 1a |
| whistle   | 2a | mighty   | 1b | traveling | 1b | women      | 2a |
| cheese    | 2b | ocean    | 1b | 90        |    | 99         |    |
| piece     |    | pleasant |    | moment    | 1b | arise      | 3a |
| 76        |    | bedroom  |    | climbed   | 2a | spoke      |    |
| chalk     | 5a | 83       |    | helpless  | 4a | body       |    |
| count     | 1b | gain     | 1b | 91        |    | surprised  |    |
| seasons   | 1b | heartly  | 4a | become    | 1a | 100        |    |
| sign      | 1b | lendeth  |    | Henry     | 2a | April      | 2a |
| write     | 1b | sendeth  |    | Washing-  |    | hat        | 1b |
| 77        |    | striving | 3b | ton       | 2a | someone    | 3b |
| bitter    | 2a | thriving | 4a | 92        |    | 101        |    |
| city      | 1a | 85       |    | lonesome  | 5a | monkey     | 4a |
| named     | 1a | death    |    | moved     | 1a | organ      | 2b |
| pale      | 2b | St.      |    | tucked    | 4b | stray      | 3b |
| shining   | 1b | soldiers |    | 93        |    | 102        |    |
| though    | 1a | died     |    | remember  |    | spend      | 1b |
| 78        |    | 86       |    | safe      | 1b | 103        |    |
| anything  | 1b | fond     |    | weakest   | 1b | aunt       | 2a |
| dresses   | 1a | showed   | 1a | 94        |    | brightened | 4b |
| longed    | 1a | teach    | 1b | chap      |    | explained  | 2a |
| box       | 1a | such     | 1a | fist      |    | neighbor   | 1b |
| months    |    | 87       |    | 95        |    | taxi       | 2a |
| largest   |    | honored  | 1b | George    | 2a | Turner     |    |
| 79        |    | parents  | 2a | 96        |    | 104        |    |
| attending | 1b | robed    | 3a | president | 2a | author     | 3a |
| spoken    | 4a | spotless |    | 'Tis      |    | freedom    | 2a |
| doctor    | 1b | whirling | 3b | thee      |    | liberty    | 2a |
| 80        |    | 88       |    | 97        |    | mountain   |    |
| bundle    | 3b | suit     | 1b | hot       | 1b | pride      |    |
| pop-corn  |    | coal     | 1b | 98        |    | Pilgrim's  |    |
| 81        |    | cherry   | 2b | carrying  | 1a | 105        |    |
| awoke     | 5a | 89       |    |           |    | Agnes      |    |
| pinched   | 4a | Abraham  | 4b |           |    |            |    |

|                |    |            |    |             |    |            |    |
|----------------|----|------------|----|-------------|----|------------|----|
| <b>106</b>     |    | <b>113</b> |    | <b>122</b>  |    | <b>132</b> |    |
| lips           | 1b | confession |    | priest      | 3a | board      | 1b |
| canary         |    | forward    | 1b | slipped     | 2a | card       | 2a |
| desk           | 2a | Johnson    |    | <b>123</b>  |    | fore       | 5a |
| pleased        | 1a | <b>114</b> |    | Carroll     |    | behave     | 4a |
| several        | 1a | different  |    | Frances     | 1b | mannerly   | 1b |
| <b>107</b>     |    | happiest   | 1a | lessons     | 1b | <b>133</b> |    |
| blue-eyed      |    | remind     | 4a | <b>124</b>  |    | broken     | 1b |
| poppies        | 5b | taken      | 1a | paper       | 1a | Ray        | 2b |
| selected       | 2b | <b>115</b> |    | gold        | 1a | returning  | 1b |
| we'll          | 3b | elder      | 4a | <b>125</b>  |    | taking     | 1a |
| <b>108</b>     |    | French     | 1b | blame       | 2a | <b>134</b> |    |
| daughter       | 1b | Pope       | 3b | <b>126</b>  |    | either     | 1b |
| forget-me-nots |    | Rome       | 2b | almost      | 1a | bind       |    |
| match          | 2a | trip       | 1b | recess      | 3b | <b>135</b> |    |
| orange         | 2a | younger    | 1a | <b>127</b>  |    | car        | 1b |
| splints        |    | <b>116</b> |    | ringing     | 1b | outside    | 1b |
| received       | 1a | visitors   | 4a | rude        | 2b | <b>136</b> |    |
| <b>109</b>     |    | drawing    | 1a | mine        | 1a | bound      | 2a |
| companions     | 2a | to-morrow  | 1b | <b>128</b>  |    | salve      |    |
| sunset         | 3b | hopes      | 1a | ducks       | 2b | <b>138</b> |    |
| violets        | 3a | <b>118</b> |    | polite      | 3b | tail       | 1b |
| <b>110</b>     |    | Creator    |    | <b>129</b>  |    | bowing     | 1b |
| paints         | 1b | doeth      |    | believe     |    | <b>139</b> |    |
| toward         |    | goodness   |    | ashamed     | 2b | bulrushes  |    |
| watched        | 1a | <b>119</b> |    | <b>130</b>  |    | Moses      | 5a |
| <b>111</b>     |    | apostles   |    | forgive     | 3a | orders     | 1a |
| fine           | 1a | feeds      | 1b | yourself    |    | <b>140</b> |    |
| gowns          |    | <b>120</b> |    | <b>131</b>  |    | comfort    | 2a |
| I'll           |    | loaves     |    | cattle      |    | maid       | 2a |
| sunbeams       | 4b | <b>121</b> |    | countryside |    | princess   | 3a |
| tears          | 1b | wonder     |    | pleasantest |    | <b>143</b> |    |
| wiped          | 2b | miracle    | 4a |             |    | arose      | 3a |
| <b>112</b>     |    | multiplied | 3a |             |    |            |    |
| lover          |    | performed  | 2b |             |    |            |    |

|           |    |           |    |           |       |              |    |
|-----------|----|-----------|----|-----------|-------|--------------|----|
| ascends   |    | hum       | 3b | 159       | queer | 2a           |    |
| marks     | 1a | waken     | 4b | clothes   | key   | 2a           |    |
| nails     |    | 154       |    | feathers  | 164   |              |    |
| 144       |    | Benny     |    | fighting  | 1b    | clothespress |    |
| ascended  | 3a | carry     | 1a | hunting   | 1b    | cupboard     | 5a |
| forty     |    | doesn't   | 3b | lounging  |       | can't        |    |
| prove     | 1b | hadn't    |    | spent     | 2a    | gran'ma      |    |
| risen     |    | he's      |    | squaws    |       | lame         | 3a |
| truly     | 1a | hurry     | 1b | tilled    | 1a    | stirred      | 2a |
| during    | 1a | Locket    |    | painted   |       | wrinkled     | 4a |
| remain    | 1a | Lucy      | 5a | 160       |       | 165          |    |
| 145       |    | marbles   | 2b | chief     | 1b    | isn't        |    |
| whom      |    | pocket    | 2b | dish      | 2a    | mossy        |    |
| 147       |    | worry     | 3b | plant     | 1a    | shade        | 1b |
| Mozart    |    | reason    | 1a | 161       |       | 166          |    |
| Wolfgang  |    | confess   | 3a | beyond    | 2b    | Teresa       |    |
| beginning | 1a | dozen     | 2a | captain   | 1b    | 167          |    |
| player    | 1a | avored    | 1b | drill     | 2b    | France       |    |
| 148       |    | less      | 1a | 162       |       | 169          |    |
| wild      | 1b | handy     |    | couldn't  | 3b    | recovered    | 2b |
| 149       |    | 155       |    | lady      |       | relate       |    |
| knelt     |    | Brooks    | 1b | half-past |       | 170          |    |
| hardly    |    | forgotten | 2b | thin      | 1b    | convent      | 5a |
| plenty    | 2a | Louise    |    | twisted   | 3b    | fifteen      | 2a |
| 150       |    | Webb      |    | romping   |       | 171          |    |
| musician  | 4b | 156       |    | 163       |       | continue     | 1b |
| 152       |    | prettiest |    | bend      |       | greatest     | 1a |
| invited   | 1b | held      | 1b | china     |       | shower       |    |
| 153       |    | 158       |    | glee      | 5a    | honor        | 1b |
| studied   |    | Indians   | 1b | guesses   | 1b    | meant        | 2a |
| smiling   | 1b | mats      | 3b | known     | 1a    | 172          |    |
| sulk      | 4b | poles     | 2a | maple     | 4a    | spoil        |    |
|           |    | skins     | 1b | sunlight  | 4b    | tune         | 3a |
|           |    | wigwams   | 4b | wasn't    | 5a    | tangled      |    |
|           |    | smoke     | 1b | you'd     | 5b    | wound        | 2a |















Aa Bb Cc

Dd Ee Ff

Gg Hh Ii

Jj Kk Ll

Copy 2

BOOK CARD

2

American Second  
Reader

copy 2

| DATE LOANED | NAME OF BORROWER    | DATE RETURNED  |
|-------------|---------------------|----------------|
|             | <del>B. Jones</del> | <del>5/1</del> |

Copy 2

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL  
MT. ANGEL, OREGON

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL  
MT. ANGEL, OREGON



